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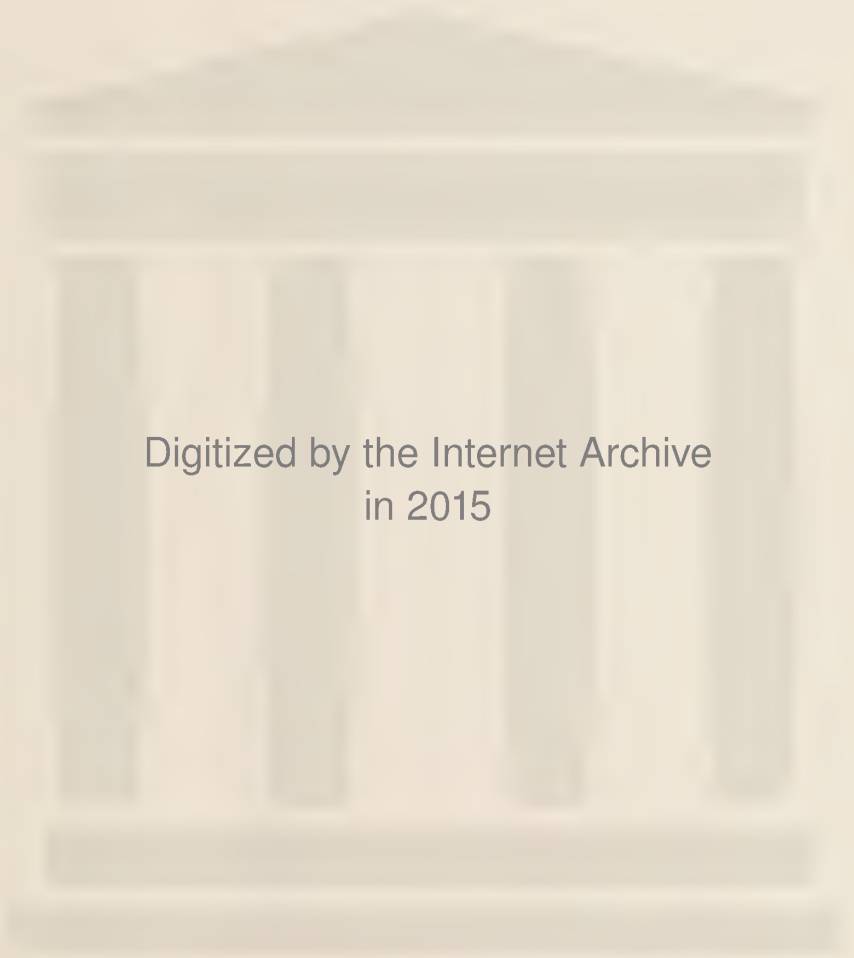
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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

WADE C. SMITH, Editor

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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY'S CAMPAIGN FOR 50,000 SUBSCRIBERS

THE GOAL:

A Subscriber in Every Presbyterian Home.
Every Church on the Honor Roll.
Is Yours There?

THE HONOR ROLL

There are seven churches added to the Honor Roll this month. They have secured the necessary average of one subscription (or better) to every five communicants. Here are the churches: Dadeville, Ala., Lower Peach Tree, Ala., Eastman, Ga., Higginsville, Mo., Jonesville, S. C., Bishopville, S. C., Edna, Texas.

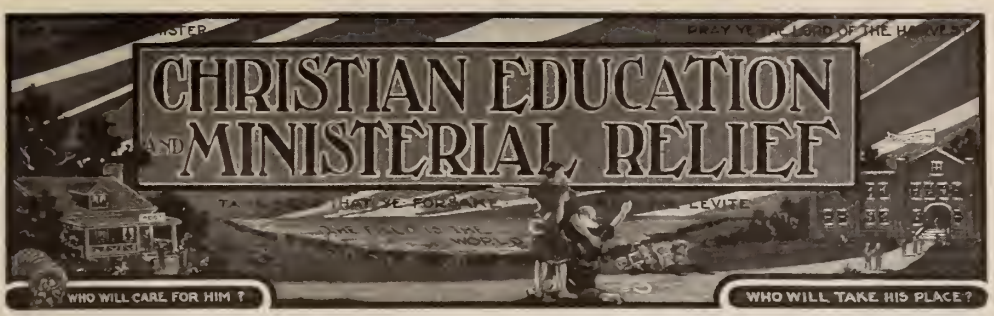
Note also that in the full list of Honor Roll churches published in the October Survey the name of Hyde Park (St. Joseph, Mo. (Church was inadvertently omitted.

Now this is December, and Missionary Survey readers are taken up with preparations for the Christmas Holidays.

Jack wonders if it will occur to anybody that perhaps that One whose birthday we are preparing to celebrate would care to receive a gift in the form of a list of subscriptions to the Survey. Do you not believe it would really please Him? Would it not vitally touch the cause so near to His heart, who said "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?"

Do you know that in opening up new doors to the Missionary Survey, you can touch into responsive action new forces to conquer the world for Christ?

Do you not believe this worth your while? Christ thought it worth His while.



Address All Communications Relating to this Department to
Rev. Henry H. Sweets, D. D., Secretary,
122 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Make All Remittances to
Mr. John Stites, Treasurer,
Fifth and Market Streets, Louisville, Ky.

The Christmas Spirit

It is a common thing for the Christian to interpret Christmas and its exchange of gifts in terms of John 3:16.

He gave, therefore we give.

Certainly it is this spirit which moves all real Christian giving.

But it is true not only of gifts, but also of service. The mother gives herself in service to her family. The patriot himself to his country. The Christian himself to his Lord.

The real pleasure of Christmas is the pleasure of giving. It is still true that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The gladness of receiving often ends with the thing received.

The gladness of giving has no end.

For this reason the Pastor and Superintendent of the Sunday school can not do better than to adopt the exercise prepared by the Executive Committee of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief, at Louisville, Ky., for the Sunday before Christmas, as requested by the General Assembly.

This exercise, "Gifts for Our King," will be of wonderful help in developing the right kind of Christmas spirit.

A FIELD SECRETARY FOR CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

By Rev. Henry H. Sweets, D. D., Secretary.

Rev. M. E. Melvin, D. D.

AS directed by the General Assembly, the Executive Committee of Christian Education has secured a field secretary for Christian Education, to assist the various Synods in the organization and the more thorough establishment of their educational institutions.

Rev. M. E. Melvin, D. D., at the unanimous and urgent call of the Executive Committee and the representatives of several of the Synods, has accepted this position and will enter upon his duties in November.

While his work will be under the general supervision of the Assembly's committee, he will devote all of his time in co-operating with the educational forces in the various Synods, and his salary and expenses will be paid by them while he is so engaged.

Dr. Melvin was educated at the French Camp Academy in the Synod of Mississippi, and graduated from the Southwestern Presbyterian University in 1900, receiving the degrees of A. M. and B. D., and the honorary degree of D. D., in 1911.

His first pastorate was at Brandon and Forest, Miss., where he labored for four years. He then spent four years in the pastorate of the Port Gibson church. On account of the exceedingly precarious condition of Chamberlain-Hunt Academy, at Port Gibson, he was drafted into the service of that institution. During his presidency of six years he elevated the standard, organized one of the best preparatory schools in the South, and raised an endowment of $100,000 for it.

In 1914 he was called by the Synod of Mississippi to become secretary of their Executive Committee of Schools and Colleges. Under his administration all the educational work of the Synod has been correlated and a thorough system of education established. He is now completing the work of securing an additional endowment of $150,000 for the various schools.

Dr. Melvin will leave the work in the Synod of Mississippi in a flourishing and promising condition. He will still be the servant of that Synod, as of all the others, available when needed. He will continue his work of discovering and training others who have the ability to organize and develop the educational work of the Synods.

No work now before the Presbyterians of the United States is more important than that of the proper equipment and endowment of our educational institutions. Unless this greatly desired end is secured many of our institutions, that have accomplished so much in the past and are so greatly needed for the future, must cease to be.

At a recent meeting of the Assembly's Permanent Committee on Systematic Beneficence, that body of men, who had before them the needs and plans of the entire work of the General Assembly, declared it to be their deliberate judgment that "the equipment and endowment of our educational institutions is the most important need of the Church at this hour."

As the committee seeks to meet the imperative need of the Synods, and Dr. Melvin projects his work on a larger scale, we ask the prayers and the earnest cooperation of every member of every church in the General Assembly.

Dr. Walter W. Moore voices the sentiment of the leaders of our own and all other churches when he says: "Let our people remember that Christian education is not only necessary to the well-being of the Church but to the very existence of the Church."

Louisville, Ky.

400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REFORMATION.

THE Presbyterian Church in the United States is now celebrating the birthday of religious and educational freedom by seeking to endow Bible chairs in our colleges.

We desire to commemorate the sacrifices of the few in 1517 by the sacrifices of the many in 1917.

Will You Help?

Show your gratitude for the blessings that have come to you through the work of Luther, Calvin, Knox and other reformers

by bestowing blessings through the Christian college upon our boys and girls, and through them to the youth of untold ages.

Heed the call of your Church expressed by Presbyteries, Synods and the General Assembly.

Help "make the world safe for democracy" and democracy safe for succeeding ages through trained Christian leaders.

The "*Manufacturers' Record*," in the issue of October 4, 1917, says:

> "The grand total of the South's agricultural output for 1917 will considerably exceed $6,000,000,000, and may easily run several hundred million dollars above that figure . . . This vast wealth will prove a curse to the South unless it is utilized in this hour of supreme need of human civilization for the betterment of mankind and the advancement of the cause of civilization and all that civilization means in this great world struggle."

YOUR HELP NEEDED.

The Synods of the Southern Presbyterian Church are making a brave, determined effort to maintain the schools and colleges, so greatly needed for our youth.

How would you like to endow a chair of Bible in one of our Presbyterian colleges in memory of some loved one? How much better than a shaft of bronze or marble! Surely you want some part in this monumental work.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States, Department of Christian Education,

HENRY H. SWEETS, *Secretary.*
122 *South Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.*

GIFTS FOR OUR KING.

HENRY H. SWEETS, *Secretary.*

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States meeting in Birmingham directed "that the Sabbath nearest to Christmas of each year be set apart as a day to be observed by our Sunday-schools in the interest of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief." We present this attractive exercise, "Gifts For Our King," for the use of Sunday-schools, societies and churches.

Many churches have adopted the plan of uniting the morning worship and the Sabbath school hour, and have secured helpful results both to young and old.

In 1916 a request was sent out for a statement of the results secured from the use of the exercises of that year. One hundred and forty-two superintendents and pastors responded. Their reports showed that 164 dedicated their lives to Christ on that day, and 1,133 renewed their consecration to the Master. Offerings of service in the work of the Church and its organizations were made by 2,501 men, women and children, and gifts to the amount of $7,529.17 were brought for Education, Ministerial Relief and other causes. In addition to this, large quantities of provisions, clothing and flowers were brought by these one hundred and forty-two schools to be distributed among the sick and the poor.

May we ask that on each preceding Sunday in December you remember this day in the prayers, asking that God will bless each life and reveal to all the youth of the Church His plan for their lives?

Will you please also make mention on each of these Sundays of the need of the world for ministers and missionaries, of the needs of our girls and boys from poor homes who are preparing for Christian work in our schools, colleges, theological seminaries and training school, and of the obligations of the Church to provide for the aged and infirm ministers and missionaries, and the widows and little orphans of deceased ministers?

We are praying for and expecting large spiritual returns from this day.

The Executive Committee of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief of the Presbyterian Church in the United States,

HENRY H. SWEETS, *Secretary.*
122 *South Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.*

"OUR MAIL BAG."

A GIFT FOR THE STUDENT LOAN FUND.

On October 13th the following letter came bringing joy and courage to our hearts:

> "I am enclosing my check for $400 for the 'Student Loan Fund' and I want it used to found a 'Scholarship Fund' to be called 'The ———— Memorial,' in accordance with the plan as outlined in the little circular sent me long ago. To-day is the anniversary of the death of this dear boy, my son, who was a member of our Church—now many years with his Saviour. I have intended to do something for this fund for some time and this anniversary turned my thoughts in this way. Will you kindly see that my wish is carried out?"

IN PRAISE OF "OUR CATECHISMS."

Samples of a series of Catechisms on the work of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief were mailed out some time ago. The following is an extract of a letter from one of the most intelligent women in our Church:

> "To me it seems to reach every phase of our cause, is most educational, giving in concise form just the information that many desire, yet who will not trouble to acquire through the reading or studying of many leaflets upon these various divisions of this cause. I can make no suggestions to improve it, for it meets just the needs of our societies and I am eager for them to have the use of it as early as possible."

A SUGGESTION FOR THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

One of our friends who enclosed a check for the Endowment Fund of Ministerial Relief writes as follows:

> "This is a small contribution from an ardent Presbyterian, but I am only a farmer's wife and live in a Methodist community, where I know my financial allegiance belongs. I wonder whether our Southern women have come upon the idea of the 'melting pot.' It has been used very successfully in this section. Any old or broken and useless jewelry is thrown into a common pile or sold by individuals for the gold or silver in it. The amount realized is often both gratifying and surprising."

A GRATEFUL DONOR.

One of the prominent elders of our Church wrote some time ago as follows:

> "I enclose the amount of one hundred and forty dollars as a thank offering for recovery from a spell of sickness. My physician's bill was $140, so I thought as the good Lord had more to do with it than the doctor, why not an offering to him. So I send it to the Ministerial Relief Fund."

A THANKFUL STUDENT.

From one of the bright young men who was enabled to attend one of our own Presbyterian colleges on account of the Student Loan Fund, from which he secured $100 a year while in college, comes this letter:

> "I am thankful to God for putting in the minds of some men the purpose of establishing a fund, the usefulness of which is, in my opinion, unsurpassed by any other fund in existence."

ANOTHER APPRECIATIVE ONE.

The daughter of one of our most faithful home missionaries who, on account of overwork and privation, has been laid aside for several years, was assisted to secure her college education from the Student Loan Fund, and is now teaching, repaying the amount borrowed and assisting her father and the other members of her family. She writes:

> "It is impossible for me to say just how much the loan fund has done for me. I know that it has made a way for me to go to school; a thing that could never have been thought by us if we could not have had the help. The education and experience have already given me a broader and better outlook of life and I hope will make me more useful. It has made possible for me to do what was only a dream and a hope. I shall never forget the benefit."

AN AGED MINISTER.

One of our ministers, a full blooded Choctaw Indian, now eighty-one years of age, is now being provided for from the funds of Ministerial Relief. He writes as follows:

"I was glad to receive a check from your office for my assistance. I have been relieved from church by the order of Presbytery, but I believe they forgot to stop me from preaching. I intend to fulfil all my calling while I live, but I am very badly crippled up with this rheumatism, but I am willing to bear all this trouble while I live."

"UNTO THESE MY BRETHREN."

The following letter comes from one of our aged ministers whose name is known over our entire Church, and who gave forty-three years of self-denying service in mission fields:

"This is a most blessed and happy service you are giving us poor mortals in our daily needs. God is good to us in our helplessness and we are so glad to trust Him. We are so unworthy, but always profoundly grateful."

OUR MINISTER.

REV. JOHN A. M. ZIEGLER, PH. D., D. D.

I AM thinking of one who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Even now, the gladness of the celebration of his birth is in the air. It is well at Christmas time to make prominent the spirit of good cheer and of helpfulness. Christmas baskets and municipal trees are a beautiful expression of unselfish and generous sentiment. Each Christmas time should add to the sum total of human kindness.

Much as we prize the cultivation of this spirit, recognizing the fact, as we do, that without its expression in kindly deed, we lack the practical evidence of a living faith, is it not timely, however, for more emphasis to be laid on the object of our faith? The coming of Jesus is the supreme fact in the history of salvation. His ministry is the one cheering circumstance in life. To ably represent him—to be under-ministers, in his name—this is the calling that is supreme among men.

What more fitting time to commend the cause of Christian education, especially the education of men for the ministry, than at the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, the world's minister! How can we so effectively express our appreciation of his coming among us, his giving himself a ransom for many, as by giving of our young men and of our means, that the Church may more aggressively execute her commission?

To sustain the schools of the Church is vitally important. We have no quarrel with State schools. In various ways they are accomplishing large things for educational and material improvement. They cannot, however, successfully or satisfactorily do what the Church is responsible for doing. To say the least, our colleges and theological seminaries have a distinctive work to do. Their efficiency and their wider influence is of the utmost importance. The position that the entire Church in America takes on the inspired authority of the Bible in questions of faith and life, and on its commanding influence and necessity in a comprehensive education, together with our demand for an educated, an unqualifiedly evangelical ministry, pushes the cause of Christian education among us far to the forefront.

We need able men in the ministry, and more of them. I wonder sometimes how the Lord can use some of us to any advantage. Because he does, however, is no argument against ability and thorough preparation. Failures that I have noted, by the way, have come largely through inefficiency —an inability or an unwillingness to be a brother—man among men.

This is scarcely germane to the leading thought. What we started out to advocate is the suitableness of the Christmas time for directing attention to and for making an offering for the support of the schools through which our ministers are prepared, and the Student Loan Fund that assists our boys and girls to secure an education in our Presbyterian colleges.

The Woman's Auxiliary

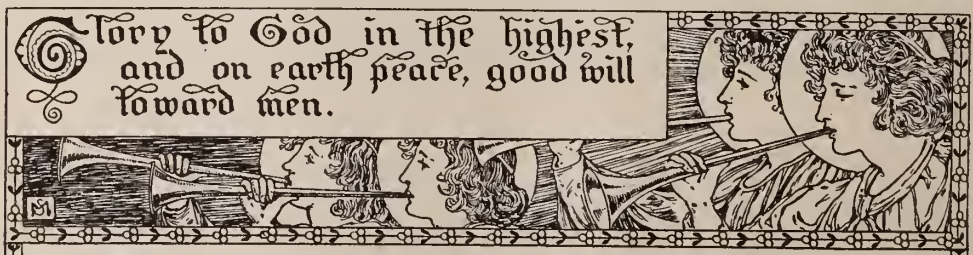
OF THE

Presbyterian Church in the United States

Our Commission---"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

MRS. W. C. WINSBOROUGH, SUPT. AND EDITOR, CORNER PEACHTREE AND TENTH STREETS, ATLANTA, GA.

"That in all things He might have the Pre-eminence."



It came upon the mid-night clear,
That glorious song of old.
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-glorious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on this wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

THE WHY AND HOW OF MISSIONARY INSTRUCTION IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

EVERY live Sunday-school has its ideal. The Sunday-school that is satisfied with present attainments is already beginning to die. These ideals are generally far in advance of the work actually done and so the question naturally arises, how may we reach these ideals?

The highest ideal of the Sunday-school is the salvation of the soul, building of character and the extension of Christ's kingdom in accordance with the teachings of the Bible; and this is the aim and purpose of missionary instruction in the Sunday-school.

Let us consider three reasons why we should teach missions in the Sunday-school:

First. For the sake of the Bible. The Bible is the greatest missionary book ever written. Many of the Old Testament prophecies have been and are being literally fulfilled in the missionary work of the church today and did you ever stop to think that every book in the New Testament is from the pen of a missionary? Missions is the practical application of the teachings of the Bible, the seed thoughts that have been sown in the heart, germinate, grow and find their fruition in the lives of those who are thoroughly interested in missions and so the Bible becomes vital in their every-day thoughts, words and activities; in other words, they are living exponents of the all-embracing program of Christ.

Second. For the sake of character. The Christ-like character must have in it a large element of heroism and nowhere can you find such thrilling examples of heroism as in missionary history.

The work of missions in its very nature, calls forth all that is high and noble and self-sacrificing in the individual life and eliminates all that is base and selfish. It is a life of surrender to the call of God the Father, a life of obedience to the leading of God the Spirit, and a life of service to God the Son who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Missionary training, as nothing else, develops real soldiers of the cross.

And, third, for the sake of missions, which is the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

Is the missionary enterprise of the church adequately known?

Is there sufficient interest manifested in this great work of the Master?

Is the church properly supporting the work for which Christ gave his life?

The very asking of these questions implies a doubt.

The average church member is appallingly ignorant of the missionary propaganda, not only of his own denomination, but of the combined achievements of the Church at large. There are some professing Christians who claim that they do not believe in missions, and their lives prove it, and there are others who, while they make a pretense of being interested, like all pretenses, it is only skin-deep. They really do not have the interest of the work at heart, nor do they contribute anything either in prayer, or thought, or money for its promulgation.

And as a result the missionaries on the home field live on starvation salaries, while those in the foreign field are compelled to live in rude unsanitary houses amid filth and vermin, miles from a doctor. They are obliged to teach the children in unattractive, over-crowded school houses, treat their patients in dark, poorly ventilated hospitals, already filled to their utmost capacity, and every day use up their last ounce of reserve strength, trying to do the work of three or four because of the scarcity of workers and poor equipment.

And all the while the church at home is sitting in her velvet-cushioned pews, and as the soft light of heaven filters through the stained-glass windows and the great pipe organ peals forth a soothing melody, she daintily extracts from her jeweled coin-purse a nickle and gracefully drops it from the tips of her kid-gloved fingers into the missionary plate.

Isn't it high time that we were waking up from this awful lethargy?

It is no use to waste our time on the old opposer who is set in his ways. If we are going to claim the world for Christ we must claim the children for missionary work and train them to be missionary workers at that plastic period of life when an impression is so easily made. The teacher who made the missionary application in the geography lesson, little dreamed that she was planting in the heart of Eliza Agnew a determination which should lead her across the ocean to Ceylon, where, through the splendid influence of her girls' school she was known in after years as the "Mother of a Thousand Daughters."

That Sunday-school superintendent who read a letter from a missionary friend did not know that little Jas. Chalmers went home and kneeling down asked God to accept him as a missionary, but his prayer was answered, and he became one of the pioneer workers in New Guinea. The missionary teacher who hung the diagram showing the

small per cent of Christians in heathen lands perhaps never surmised that it caused a certain small boy to dedicate his life and afterward consecrate his business ability to the carrying on of the Lord's work.

And so, we never know just when we are making an impression that shall last through the ages.

I have given only three reasons, but I think they are sufficient to answer the question—why? And now for a few minutes we shall give some answers to the second part of the question—How shall we teach missions in the Sunday-school?

There was a time when the only way known to teach missions was to set the children down in a row, put on your longest face and a pair of spectacles, and then, taking down a huge missionary biography, read for an hour or more, page after page of meaningless dates and incomprehensible names. But that day is past and now the teacher will find a multitude of ways in which she may teach and at the same time interest her class.

Always begin with prayer and the Bible. Teach the children that it is God's work and that we want to talk to Him about it. Select a verse of Scripture and then give them the missionary application, for example take Isaiah 35:5, "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." Take the children in imagination to the hospital at Hankow where the blind man came for treatment and then after a successful operation, follow him as he goes back home to tell his neighbors and friends of the wonderful blessing of sight, and then see him as he leads that long procession of forty-eight old blind men, each holding to a rope in the hand of the man ahead, taking them back to the hospital, a distance of 250 miles, to undergo a similar operation, and then behold the joy as they go away seeing.

Then, take them to Cheefoo to that wonderful school for the deaf, where those thus afflicted are taught to speak and then learn a trade that will make them self-supporting.

Or take Zeph. 3:10, "From beyond the rivers of Ethiopia my suppliants shall bring mine offering," and then tell of those African Christians at Lusambo, who, by hard work, careful saving, and much self-denial, on last Christmas day, brought that splendid free-will offering for the Lord's work. Then those verses will have a real meaning of their own.

2. Then there are those stirring old missionary hymns, tell who wrote them and under what conditions they were composed.

3. The library furnishes another source of supply. Select a missionary book and after reading a few very interesting lines that lead up to a climax, close the book and tell the children that they can finish it themselves. This will create a taste for missionary reading.

4. There are always a variety of charts, which can be secured from your denominational board, which make a very clear impression.

5. There is also the map which lends itself admirably to teaching missions. Trace the route of some missionary whom the children know, using the various modes of transportation necessary to reach the destination; or with bright colored ribbon show the different countries in which your church is at work.

6. Flags may also be used to create interest—the Christian flag and the flags of the different countries.

7. Another good way to teach is by the use of pictures, either a missionary's picture, which may be unveiled with appropriate ceremony, or pictures of the native people and their mode of living; these may be pasted on a banner or put in a scrapbook.

8. Then there is the ever-useful blackboard, and you do not have to be an artist to use one successfully. You will be surprised to see how a few straight lines, a few curved lines and a lot of childish imagination will make those men and women, trees and animals real living things.

9. For children who are old enough to read, there is the envelope case for clippings. Have an envelope for each country and let them cut from the papers and magazines such items of interest as they find and place them in the proper envelope.

10. Another method which you may use occasionally is the quiz or missionary catechism.

The questions and answers may be distributed and read in the class, or they may be given out one Sunday and learned during the week to be recited at the next lesson.

11. Then there is the curio cabinet, which always proves a source of interest. Children like something that they can see and handle and so these curios, which may come from some far-away land, or they may be made by the ingenious teacher, never fail to make a lasting impression.

12. And last, but not least, by any means. There is the story method within the reach of every teacher, and what child does not love a good story and love it all the more if it be a "really truly one," which missionary stories always are.

Isn't it worth while to make the effort to teach the children missions in the Sunday-school?

EVA M. CAVERS.

California, Mo.

A DEFINITE KNOWLEDGE.

FIVE years or so ago, when a Southern Presbyterian woman attended an interdenominational meeting, where methods of the work of the women's organizations of the churches were being discussed, there was but one thing for her to do; sit still and listen. Even then there was little opportunity to carry out any suggested plan which seemed to be helpful to the women of other churches, as we had no central organization, through which plans or methods could be sent so that the churches or societies needing them could know about them. Of course any good plan could be carried out in any one society, and through that Presbyterial could become known to the other societies in that locality, but that was about the end of it.

Five years is a short time in the life of any great church, but it has made a great and mighty change with us. Since the organization of the Woman's Auxiliary when we attend any of the interdenominational meetings, as soon as it is known which Church we represent, we are more than apt to be called upon to explain our plan of organization and the methods by which it is carried out. For this is a time of change, and wherever a forward step has proved successful, others are anxious to know about it. All churches are pressing forward in the organized work of their women, as never before.

This means that we are being called rapidly, not only to leadership among the societies of our own Church, but that we are even, though indirectly, coming into leadership among the women's organizations of the other churches.

This being so, every woman among us should be so thoroughly acquainted with the methods of our work, not only in regard to the headquarters of the Woman's Auxiliary, but in regard to the secretaries of all the causes, Foreign Mission, Assembly's Home Mission, Local Home Mission, Christian Education and Ministerial Relief and Young People's Work and Sunday-school Extension, that we shall be able at a moment's notice to explain the whole line of this work and its connection through the local society, Presbyterial and Synodical to the Advisory Committee.

If there is any doubt about this and a chart is needed to understand it, the Auxiliary office will supply one entitled, "The Auxiliary As a Triangle."

There is an especial reason for writing all this. Sometime since when attending an interdenominational meeting some of our Southern Presbyterian women were called upon to explain the plan of the Auxiliary to the women of other churches, and they had to admit that they had not really studied it all out themselves. While it does sometimes sound intricate, if not properly explained, it is really simple, and can be put before others in a very interesting way. Therefore, we should all know about it, and the best way to be perfectly sure that we understand a thing is to be able to explain it to others. So let every woman among us be prepared to do so.

EMMA ROBERTS.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP IN SOCIAL LIFE.

MANY Christian women, while admitting the claim of the Church upon their purses and upon their mental ability, have never sought to solve the problem of stewardship of their social life. Social life, being based on congeniality and on equality of station, does not lend itself readily to the promotion of the gospel of a Christ who suggested going out into highways and hedges, huts and hovels. It would involve too many embarrassments, too many upheavals of standards inherited from our grandmothers or born of newly acquired wealth. Then the full possibility of the social element in church life has never yet been fully realized.

It is true that we have church socials for old and young. We meet, greet, smile, chat and go home. Perhaps next week some prominent and wealthy woman gives a large reception and omits to invite some modest woman of refinement with whom she had talked kindly at the church reception. She has not mean to be selfish: she is merely absorbed in entertaining those to whom she is "under social obligations." She had not once thought of the strange lady who did not possess enough dash and style to impress her. The reception is written up in glowing terms in the society columns of the press. Everybody that is anybody seems to have been invited! When the prominent

lady again meets the sensitive lady, the latter wraps herself more closely in a mantle of reserve. A wall seems to have sprung up between these two women who should be sisters, praying to the same God, working for the same cause.

Just here we naturally ask, "Does the religion of Christ obliterate all social distinctions? Are our drawing-rooms to be thrown open to every Mrs. Tom, Dick and Harry who comes to town and joins our church?" In answering this question let us look further into the principles laid down by Christ himself. Judging from his actions we should say that our attitude towards our fellow-Christians should be characterized by the comprehending kindness that teaches us to put ourselves in their places. We should try to be most helpful to them in their special situations. It would not be agreeable to an uneducated man to be invited to a luncheon at which Chopin's Nocturnes or Browning's The Ring and the Book are to be discussed.

But let us watch our chance and invite him when the guests and the topics will be attractive to him in his outlook upon life. Let us make him see that the religion of Christ is the sweetest thing on earth!

And let us not be too sure of the limitations of the modest, shy person we happen to meet in our church circles. It may be that we have touched elbows with somebody who is thirsting for congenial society of a truer culture than our own, to whom a symposium on Greek art or a great composer would be like a cool spring in a desert. It is entirely possible that we are ignoring our superiors in order to lavish social attentions upon the owners of fat bank-books. There are other kinds of hunger than that of the stomach!

We may not invite "the Great Unwashed" to our tables, but is it not the duty of Christian women to go down into lower social strata, get them, wash them, educate them and prove that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ can fit them for any service however exalted?

The great teacher, Trebonius, always lifted his hat on entering his class-room in honor of the great teachers and leaders of the future who might be sitting there. (And well he might, for was not Martin Luther sitting among the other bright-eyed, red-knuckled boys?) What sort of mute Milton or embryo Patrick Henry may we be helping when we invite to our homes some poorly groomed boy and encourage him to invest his powers in the kingdom of the "God of things as they are"? Shall we not compel him to come in?

MARY JASPER WILLIS.

Montreat, N. C.

THE SILENT SKIES ARE FULL OF SPEECH.

The silent skies are full of speech.
For who hath ears to hear,
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beech,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of faith and love and fear.

But once the sky the silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth;
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took,
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which he came:
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
Are vocal with his name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring,
To the great song which greets the King
Who comes when Christ is born?

—*Phillips Brooks.*

COUNTY INSTITUTES.

MRS. W. B. RAMSAY.

MARGARET, I saw in the paper that you had been to the County Institute at Markton, and I came straight over to know what new kind of meeting is this the Auxiliary is starting up. We have just gotten our women interested in the work of the Presbyterial and in paying the Presbyterial and Synodical contingent fees and here we must join another organization."

"Wait, Cousin Kate, sit down and let me talk to you a little."

"Well, I am waiting to be shown what our Presbyterian Auxiliary means by taking up this institute business."

"Now, I confess I haven't my ideas arranged in any logical order, but I am a County Institute enthusiast, and, if you will let me tell you about the day at Markton, you will be convinced that these are the best meetings of all."

"First, let me say, it does not mean a new organization, you don't have to join anything, there are no delegates, no officers, and no dues."

"Well, what is it, then? Who was there? What did you do? And why did you meet at Markton?"

"Not all at once, Cousin Kate; but I'll talk as fast as I can.

"You see it is not strictly a county affair. We had five institutes in our Presbyterial and we have nine counties, I believe. The committee selected the churches that would not likely entertain the Presbyterial and grouped the other societies around these as centers. There were nine churches in our group from Matthews to Old Chester, and every society was represented except Bethesda, and we decided that to be sure of their presence next year we would hold the institute in that church."

"You said nine churches. I can count only seven down this way."

"You forget Webbs and Mull Grove. They have never joined our Presbyterial, you know. They object to the contingent fund —would rather give to missions, they say. But the blessed part of the story is that both these good old country societies are going to join the Presbyterial at once. You see they never would send delegates to the Presbyterial, but when Markton invited the ladies to come "spend the day," four came from Webbs and five from Mull Grove; and when they found out what the Presbyterial really stands for they determined to join at once. I heard them with my own ears tell our secretary to count them in.

"As for the crowd, we had as large a meeting as we usually do at Presbyterial. You see all the members of every society are invited, instead of just delegates.

"What speakers did you have?"

"That is the best thing about the meeting, we didn't have any set speeches. We all talked. Miss Jenkins, of Japan, was invited to speak, but she was sick and couldn't come. Mrs. Hallman, our Presbyterial Secretary of Assembly's Home Missions, was there and gave us a good straight talk on loyalty to our church causes in these testing days. I liked the way she put things. She made us feel that it was a great privilege to give our sons and brothers to lay down their lives for liberty and justice. She made us ashamed that we were not doing more for the Red Cross, but before she finished she made us know that the greatest warfare in this world is the fight against sin, and that as the soul is more than the body, so the kingdom of God is greater than love of country."

"Then our Synodical treasurer, Miss Dunlapp, gave a spicy talk on the Synodical. You would be surprised at the questions that were put to her; but she cleared things up wonderfully and I know none of those societies will ever again be asking what is the good of the Synodical and what is the use of the Woman's Advisory Committee. She explained our Synodical Special, and do you know only two societies there had understood about the special and had contributed a cent to it?"

"After dinner—and, my, what a good feast we had! I am glad to say that next year the hostess society is asked to serve only four kinds of 'eats.' After dinner, as I was saying, we had our own Presbyterial president to conduct an open conference. I haven't my notes here, but I can give you a few of the topics."

"First, 'What Has the Presbyterial Auxiliary Meant to Our Society?' There were nine answers put on the blackboard. The one that impressed me most is that before our Presbyterial was organized ten years ago no one knew of a single prayer band in our Presbytery and now we report ten. Another topic was: How to Use the Bible in the Mis-

sionary Society. I got a splendid idea for our society. Then we talked about our Presbyterial work for the Orphanage, and Mrs. Moore told us about the girl we are supporting at the Richmond Training School. I am delighted we are to have such a promising young woman. I want our society to double our gift to this fund."

"You will be interested in the discussion on Mission Study. Would you believe it seven of those societies are going to study Dr. Morris' "The Task That Challenges," and as many will study Africa after Christmas.

"I haven't told you half, but I know if you had been there you would have enjoyed every minute, even if it was a cool day for September."

"Margaret, I thank you, dear, for your report. All I can say is that if the others got as much from the meeting as you did I am ready to boost the County Institute."

Hickory, N. C.

BIBLE STUDY.

(Read before the Missouri Synodical.)

THERE is probably not a woman before me who has not from her youth been privileged to hear the word of God read and expounded from the sacred desk. I might go still further. I presume there is no one here who does not read God's word each day, and still it seems to me that at this hour we can hear the call of our Master as it comes down through the ages, saying: "Harken, daughter, and consider"—consider the command of your absent King—when he says, Search the Scriptures—not read—but diligently, carefully, earnestly look into—and also that wonderful word to Timothy, "study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth"—and so I am going to ask you to "consider" this quotation this morning a little while as he speaks to you through his servant.

There comes to my mind the words of two of the world's greatest men just before death summoned them into the presence of their Creator—the one said, as the shadows grew darker to his eyes, "More light"—alas, Goethe's need was not the light of the sun, but "the Light of the world," whose word had never been to him "a lamp unto his feet." The other great man said, "Bring me the Book." What book? said one near him, and Walter Scott replied: "The book—there is but one!"

Yea, verily, through all the years it has been and always will be, the Book, or rather library of sixty-six books, comprising the finest collection of treatises on every subject known. It is not necessary to go into a proof of this possibly at this time—but just let us remind ourselves for a moment of what the Bible really is.

Man is threefold—body, soul and spirit. He does not enter the world mature—there is need of growth.

Sin entered and struck the death blow to his spiritual nature.

Necessity of the new birth before development. The Bible is the best guide for this in all three parts of his nature—it sets forth by command, history, biography, poetry, precept and example the principles needed by man for his threefold nature.

Let us see some of the subjects that are treated of in our Book.

The Bible gives in remarkable fullness and accuracy the principles for sanitary and hygienic living—to a people suddenly released from bondage and slavery. Men are wondering more and more, even in the light of the latest scientific discoveries, at the wisdom of the directions given the children of Israel regarding their common physical life.

The Bible is the greatest and most important book on law—containing the foundation principles of all law, civil and religious. A lawyer cannot afford to be ignorant of it. The Bible contains the deepest and most subtle philosophy—lofty and practical—greatest thinkers of the age. Its history is a mine of wealth and the archaeologist is constantly finding proof of the truth of the records.

As literature, the Bible gives the most concise and illuminating biographies that can be found. "Enoch lived 65 years and begat Methusalah and he walked with God 300 years and begat sons and daughters, and he walked with God and was not," etc. How wonderful are the epigrammatic sayings and proverbs—really giving all the wisdom of the ancients.

Between its covers we also find the most exquisite and tragic love stories—as well as illustrations of every other human passion. We find also in this library scenes in pastoral meadows and awful battle fields, the market places from Jerusalem to Athens, the storm-tossed sea, king's gardens and palaces as well as fishermen's huts and homes—in fact, life in every condition. We find in the Book of books the deepest treatises on theology, also the simple story of the cross that our youngest pupils can understand and remember. Finally, all agree, that nowhere else can we find poetry that can surpass its songs, elegies and dramas in pathos, sweetness and sublimity!

All of this refers to man's life of the body and mind—the highest realm is that of the spirit—and here the Bible is indeed the

Book! The Bible alone tells man "with authority and not as the scribe," that he is a living soul, fallen by sin, and so alienated from his Maker—it shows him what is necessary to rescue him from the broken law, and who can meet that need for him—where and in what he may find what will satisfy the demand of the just law. In other words, it proclaims salvation to a lost world through a Saviour who came "to seek and save that which was lost!"

It is a book of instruction for cultivating the seed of the new life—so it may bring forth fruit—thirty, sixty or a hundred fold.

It is a book of devotion for the feeblest as well as the most mature Christian, and suited to every variety of Christian experience, but it is more than all this—it is God's revelation of Himself to man. This is a great truth. He has given two great revelations of Himself and both are called the "Word"—the one "made flesh and dwelt among us"—the other, the written word, which "came not by the will of men." Both are living and cannot die, for Christ ever liveth. We need never fear, dear friends, that this word can or will be ever overthrown by the opposition of man—by scientific discoveries—or by its chief adversary, Satan himself. No, it will continue to be the guide, the light, the life, the comfort for all the world until we reach our house of many mansions where Christ himself is the light, and we shall see him face to face.

Now, if all of this is true, and much more, it seems to me evident. without any argument needed, the great importance of studying and knowing His word and Him. Making it yours. A man may own a vast estate, etc., etc., but cannot know it unless he investigates each by-path, etc., etc. When we tour the country there are different ways—the bird's-eye view, and the other more special way—stopping at special points of interest, etc.

Let us see the way some people read the Bible.

1. Haphazard way—wherever it opens—mixing prophesy, promise, precept, history, giving a crazy quilt of disconnected truths —not very helpful.

2. Many have the chapter a day method—which is a great improvement over the former. Daily homily, devotional reading, rather than study.

Mr. Wagner, in "Better Bible Study," says: "Reading is not always study, and even study is without profit, if it has no metbod in it. Many read it year after year and still it remains a sealed book to them—it is not like a charm which one needs only to touch to secure virtue from it—it must be digested and made a part of ourselves. Let us (to make this a very practical thing) ask ourselves a few questions which Mr. Wagner puts to his readers:

1. How many of us can give an intelligent synopsis of the Bible as a whole? Can you do as well as a child of 12 in geography? Bound the states, etc., etc. To how many of us could it be said as to Timothy, "from a child thou hast known the scriptures"—not read?

2. Do we have any clear idea of the plan of the Bible—so we can give the general dimensions?

Can we trace the plan of God's revelation from source to end? Do you discuss the unfolding of the plan of redemption by types and phophecies, and see how they are related?

Do you know why Christ and Moses are so often mentioned in the New Testament togetber? What is Law and Grace? Do you see the successive ages and dispensations?

We may be saved by a single truth, but is this the only use of God' word? A delicate piece of work must be done by fine tools and in good condition. "A Christian workman," someone has said, "who does not rightly divide the word of truth, is not approved of God and should be ashamed."

1. We need to know the Bible for our own comfort and growth!

Jesus said: "I am the Bread of Life"—how much faster we would grow if we digested what maintains our spiritual life. Jesus said: I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.

How shall we follow except "afar off," unless we know the revealed direction? How can we teach those committted to our care? "Teach them diligently, etc."

2. We need to know it today in order to keep ourselves and others from being swept away by the subtle delusions and isms of the day, illustrate. Clear imitations of truth with heart and motive left out. C. S. converts, not Bible students.

How shall we study it? Dr. Wagner suggests:

1. Prayerfully.
2. Patiently.
3. Perpetually, regularly every day.
4. Practically, systematic way, class.

There are many courses.

Class in your own church? If not get your pastor to start one—you can do it alone, but probably won't. Moody Institute-Cor. Course, Dr. Scofield, Studies in Old Testament Characters by Dr. W. W. White.

Scofield pamphlet, Rightly Dividing Word of Truth.

The final reason why we should study the Bible is without a knowledge of Him and His word we cannot fulfil the chief end for which we as Christians are left in this world —and that is to win souls. He is wise.

He will shine.

Have you done your best?

MISS J. M. GREENWOOD.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

Rev. S. H. Chester, D. D., Editor, Box 158, Nashville, Tenn.

MONTHLY TOPIC—CUBA.

THE Island of Cuba contains forty-five thousand square miles of land, more or less, most of it of great fertility. It is rich also in all varieties of landscape scenery, and was pronounced by Columbus when he discovered it in 1492 to be the most beautiful island that mortal eyes ever beheld. At that time it was inhabited by a fine specimen of the red-skinned and black haired race that was scattered over the whole of the Western Hemisphere. When the Spaniards came the natives had intelligence enough to know that they were helpless against the attack of the invaders. It is said that one of the native chiefs came to Columbus on his second visit, and after presenting him with a basket of fruit, said to the visitor: "Whether you are divinities or mortal men we know not. If you are men like us and expect to die, and believe with us that after this life there is another in which everyone is to be rewarded according to his deeds, you will do no hurt to those who do none to you."

The response of the Spaniard to this touching appeal was the practical extermination of the native tribes within less than a quarter of a century.

The island was re-peopled with Spanish adventurers and with African slaves, and at present contains a population of about two millions, somewhat evenly divided between the pure Spanish, the pure African, and the mixed breeds.

The Mother Country during its four hundred years of occupation kept this fairest of her colonial possessions as a place where she could, by every form of political and commercial tyranny, replenish her own treasury at the expense of the natives of the island, and where she could send her own bankrupt nobility to recuperate their fortunes. In dealing with native or with settler, the object of the authorities at home was plunder. "The ever faithful island" has been a prey to the rapacious and the mercenary from the first moment of her appearance among the known lands of the earth up to the moment when, as the ward of the United States, she and her interests became the care of our government at Washington.

If ever there was a justifiable war other than that of strict self-defense, it was the war waged by the United States in the year 1898 for the liberation of Cuba. It was the Christian public sentiment of this country which then asserted itself and said that the Spaniard must go, in order that this beautiful island might be delivered from the blight of Spanish tyranny and have the opportunity of becoming what the Creator of the world intended it to be. The administration of the trust assumed by our government as the guardian of Cuba has been, taken altogether, one of the most creditable chapters in our national history, and the condition of the island today as compared with what it was before the American intervention, is the unanswerable witness to the truth of this statement.

As this American guardianship has opened up the opportunity, so it has brought to the American Protestant Church the responsibility of delivering the people of Cuba from the bondage of ignorance and superstition in which they were found after the same four hundred years of tuition at the hand of the Romish priesthood.

The present religious situation has been described by our missionary, Mr. Wharton, in language which is in no sense of the word an exaggeration, but is, as we are assured by an abundance of other corroborative testimony, a fair and temperate statement of the case. Mr. Wharton says:

> "Conditions could scarcely be worse, nor religion more clearly a matter of merchandise. Marriage, burial, baptism and mass for the dead are the wares in which the priests traffic in the name of religion, enriching their own pockets and impoverishing materially and spiritually the people. A bone pile in every cemetery, constantly increasing in size, in order that the

empty graves might be re-rented at an enormous price; eighty per cent. of the colored population living in illegitimate relations and an immense number of the whites in the same condition because of the almost prohibitive price placed upon the marriage ceremony, demonstrate the absolute heartlessness of the Scribes and Pharisees in the priesthood."

OUR WORK.

The mission has suffered a serious loss, only temporary, we hope, in the withdrawal of Dr. and Mrs. Juan Orts on account of the failure of Mrs. Orts' health. Dr. Orts is engaged, however, in a most important work, not only for Cuba, but for the whole of Latin-America, under the auspices of the Committee on Co-Operation in Latin-America and in conjunction with Rev. G. B. Winton, of the M. E. Church, South, in producing and distributing Christian literature for our Latin-American Protestant churches. This is one of the most important enterprises that is being promoted by this Co-Operation Committee, the funds for which are furnished by certain individuals whose interest in the work was awakened by their attendance at the Panama Congress in February, 1916.

The Annual Report of the work prepared by Rev. J. T. Hall, which has possibly been read by a few of our society workers into whose hands the Annual Report came, is given herewith in order that the stirring facts which it relates may be brought before the much wider circle of readers represented by the subscribers to the SURVEY.

Mr. Hall writes:

"Along with the unprecedented prosperity in the young Cuban Republic, it is good to note that: 'Mightily has grown the word of God and prevailed.'

"The work in Cardenas has had a quiet, steady progress. All the services have been well attended. The majority of the members have a mind to work.

"The Sunday-school has had an average attendance of 120, and several new classes have been added.

"Along with the regular activities of the 'John Hall Memorial,' a mission point of much promise in the country has been regularly supplied with preaching—and a mission Sunday-school has been established in one of the suburbs of Cardenas, which has given very gratifying results. There is a growing list of candidates for membership in the Cardenas church, many of whom will be received in the immediate future.

"The Cardenas church is coming to be as a city upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid. Many of her sons and daughters are occupying positions of usefulness and honor in many parts of Cuba, and are letting their lights shine for the glory of their Lord. During the year the Cardenas church was called to mourn the removal of one of her very best workers, in the death of dear Mrs. J. G. Hall, affectionately called by all the missionaries 'Mother Hall.' While she is sorely missed by all the members of the Mission and the members of the churches, the influence of her Christian life is left as a benediction to us. Many will arise in the last great day to bless Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Hall.

"The Cardenas Mission school, "La Progresiva," has done magnificent work. The school enjoys the distinction of being called the best school in Cardenas, and one of the best of its kind in all the republic. Miss M. E. Craig and her faculty of Cuban teachers have been richly blessed in their labors of love. All the teachers are earnest Christians, and members of the Cardenas church, and all of them except two were trained in part in 'La Progresiva.' Miss Rebekah Craig, a sister of the principal, has rendered excellent service in the school in the primary department.

"Nearly three hundred children are in actual attendance, and the faculty are preparing the first graduating class to finish the course in June. It is remarkable what great results are being accomplished in the school with such meager equipment and reduced space.

"The work of the Cardenas station has not been without its ups and downs, and Satan has done his worst to hinder, but in spite of all this the future is bright with promise.

"*Sagua la Grande.* Dr. and Mrs. Orts have been in charge of the work in the beautiful and bustling city of Sagua, and a splendid work has been wrought through them. While the Sagua station is one of our latest undertakings, very commendable progress has been made, and Dr. and Mrs. Orts have reached some of the leading people of the community. They were fortunate in having the help of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson. Mrs. Thompson, formerly Miss Eloise Wardlaw, was one of our lady missionaries at Caibarien. They are helpers to the truth and their influence counts for our cause.

"*Camajuani.* Rev. and Mrs. E. D. Torres are being greatly blessed in Camajuani. During the year their work has grown steadily, and they are winning the sympathy and confidence of the community to a good degree.

"Along with his many pastoral duties, Mr. Torres is director of the Mission

school in Camajuani, which is doing good work. Miss Edith Houston and a Miss Lena, a native, are his assistants in the day school and the Sunday-school work.

"*Placetas.* Under the ministry of Rev. J. M. Hernandez the work has prospered at Placetas and some very encouraging features are noted. Sr. Hernandez has opened a new Sunday-school near Placetas and has influenced a very bright young man to consider entering the sacred ministry.

"*Remedios.* Rev. Manuel Alvarez was installed pastor of the Remedios church in October, 1916, and is putting forth his very best efforts to lead the people on to greater things for Christ.

"The church building has been repainted and the members take pride in caring for the church, for the erection of which they contributed so generously.

"The Remedios church has always been noted for the spirituality and liberality of her members, and the new pastor is endeavoring to raise the standard.

"*Caibarien.* We have made a rapid survey of all our fields and have now arrived at this most important center. Here the work has made notable progress under the able leadership of Rev. H. B. Someillan and the Misses Alexander and Patterson. Mr. Someillan is one of the most eloquent and consecrated of all the native ministers, and always has large congregations present to hear him. He improves every opportunity for doing good, both in and out of the church, and he says that he wants his last years to be his best. The work is taking deep root in the city of Caibarien through the vigorous efforts of the workers and members, and the outlook could hardly be brighter anywhere. A Mission Sunday-school in the outskirts of the town is developing rapidly and may be the beginning of the Second Presbyterian church in that growing section of the city. They worship in their own hired house. The new church building, donated in large part by the American Consul of Caibarien, is quite a credit to the city and is the pride and joy of the entire congregation. Mr. Anderson, the donor, has since the construction of the church, made other contributions to add to the beauty and usefulness of the edifice."

The Cuban Mission has property which is valued as follows:

Mission home in Cardenas and lot	$10,000.00
John G. Hall Memorial Church and lot	15,000.00
Cardenas school building, fixtures and lot	15,000.00
San Jose manse, chapel and lots	3,500.00
Caibarien Church and lot	15,000.00
Furniture and fixtures in other stations, about	1,000.00
The total value being about	$60,000.00

PERSONALIA.

THAT good friend of our Southern Presbyterian missions and missionaries, Mr. Wm. T. Ellis, recently made a flying visit to Kashing, China, of which he sends us a very interesting account, which we are glad to publish. It certainly is an interesting piece of news and one that signifies much—that Mr. W. H. Hudson has been formally and officially enrolled among the Chinese gentry. It is only a little more than twenty years ago that he and Dr. Venable spent a winter in Kashing as tenants of a little dirt floor hovel, the only foothold they could secure in the entire city, without a fire, because there was no place to make one, with the icicles forming from the damp night air on their beards, which they let grow for the protection of their throats and faces. Then none so poor (among the natives) as to do them reverence. Now they are ranked among the grandees of the republic, and that purely in recognition of the beneficent service they have rendered. That particular foreign mission enterprise which has been carried on at Kashing by these two and their successors, at least, has not been a failure. Mr. Ellis was at Kashing en route to Russia and the Balkan countries, where he has been on a very interesting and somewhat perilous mission. When he reaches a point from which he can send out uncensored reports we will hear the inside and actual facts of the Russian situation, for he is a newspaper man who generally goes to the bottom of things and on whose representations we can rely. We remember that sometime ago he made a perilous journey to Arabia and on his return reported the pending revolt of Arabia against the Turks nearly a year before it actually happened.

Mr. Vinson writes us from Luebo on July 9th (which is quite recent news from Africa for these times) that at the recent examination of catechumens at that station 120 were accepted and certified for baptism, and that on an itinerating trip recently made by Mr. Martin, Mr. McElroy

and himself over a thousand catechumen had been received in the villages attached to Luebo station. In connection with this news item Mr. Vinson sends us a little poem by Mr. H. Wilson of the Inkongo station, near Lusambo, entitled "Congo's Need," which we are glad to publish elsewhere.

We publish elsewhere an article from the *China Press*, an English paper published in Shanghai, giving account of the decoration of the French government of John S. Woodbridge, son of our Dr. S. I. Woodbridge, for gallant conduct in the ambulance service at the front in France. The editor feels a special interest and pride in this boy, to whom he had the privilege of administering the ordinance of baptism while on a visit to his father's home in Chinkiang in 1897.

Casper Woodbridge, referred to in the article as engaged in Y. M. C. A. army in Mesopotamia, has returned to this country and entered the medical school at Johns Hopkins, and has recently sent in his application for appointment as a medical missionary.

We have just received from the Committee of Publication the beautiful memorial volume of Mrs. Lacy L. Little, containing the various tributes that were paid to this much-loved member of our Mid-China Mission at the time of her death on July 6th, 1916. Mrs. Little's beautiful character shone in her beautiful face and was expressed in her gracious manner which gave her an influence with the Chinese, who appreciate such things, such as perhaps no other woman missionary of our Church ever had with them. On the writer's visit to Hangchow in 1897 he witnessed quite a serious demonstration in the missionary compound by some Chinese who had disagreed with the men of the compound in regard to a certain business matter that was under discussion. The men seemed to be making no headway towards a settlement of the difficulty and to one unfamiliar with things Chinese the situation began to look somewhat alarming, until Mrs. Little, who was then Miss Ella Davidson, came out, and with a winsome smile on her face, spoke a few gracious words, which at once quieted the difficulty and the quarreling Chinese turned and walked away seemingly entirely satisfied.

This little memorial volume has been prepared presumably for circulation among her personal friends, and we hereby acknowledge with thanks receipt of the copy that was sent to us.

We are glad to publish in this number a letter from Mrs. DeLacy Wardlaw, who is spending the winter in Cuba, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Eloise Wardlaw Thomson. Since her marriage Mrs. Thomson has ceased to be officially connected with our mission, but both she and her husband, who is a banker at Sagua la Grande, continue to give their help to our mission work in every way they can. The Spanish and Portuguese languages are so much alike that it took Mrs. Wardlaw, who was formerly a missionary in Brazil, but a very little while to acquire such facility in conversation that she was able to take a class in Sunday-school, and since Dr. Orts' retirement, the chief responsibility for conducting the Sunday-school has fallen upon her. Her valuable help at this time is most cordially welcomed by the mission and appreciated by the Executive Committee.

In the prosecution of their work in developing a Christian literature for Latin-America, Dr. and Mrs. Orts are making their headquarters at Nashville, and Dr. Orts has taken a class in Spanish at the Vanderbilt University, which will take but little of his time and give him a great opportunity with the university students. The work in which Dr. Orts and Dr. Winton are engaged together is that of writing and translating books on Apologetics, Christian Ethics, Bible Interpretation and other religious topics to aid in the Protestant propaganda among the educated classes and to furnish the necessary religious literature for Christian families, of which there has hitherto been an almost total lack in our Latin-American work. Dr. Orts also expects to prepare articles for both the religious and secular press, to which it has now become easy to obtain access in almost all of the leading Latin-American cities.

During Dr. Venable's absence on furlough Dr. F. R. Crawford, associate of Dr. George C. Worth, in the Kiangyin Hospital, has taken charge of the hospital at Kashing. Another doctor is greatly needed for the Kashing Hospital to take the place of Dr. A. C. Hutcheson, who has gone to represent our mission in the Union Hospital at Nanking. The medical school has been moved from Nanking, but the hospital will be continued and will be operated in connection with the new medical school that is being established by the Rockefeller Foundation at Shanghai.

DR. WOODBRIDGE'S SON WINS FRENCH MEDAL.

John S Woodbridge is Decorated for Bravery in Ambulance Service.

JOHN S. WOODBRIDGE, a Shanghai boy, the son of Dr. S. I. Woodbridge, is one of four Americans to receive the Medal of War in France for bravery in the ambulance service.

A despatch from Paris, under date of August 1, printed in the New York papers, states that the young man, together with another Princeton University student, and two young men from Harvard, all acting as ambulance drivers in the American Field Service, have received the French medal for bravery in removing wounded men while under heavy shellfire.

Young Woodbridge, who is a second cousin of President Wilson, is well known in Shanghai. He received his early education in the public school here and was the only American boy in the Baden-Powell Scouts, a fact mentioned by Baden-Powell in his writings. He was active in boys' camp work here. He left for France early in the summer with the Princeton contingent for Red Cross work. He is not yet 21 but had just completed his junior year at the university with honors.

Dr. Woodbridge has two other sons in different branches of war service. Woodrow Wilson Woodbridge, who was with Gen. Pershing in Mexico, is now a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army and in training camp in Colorado, while Casper Woodbridge is engaged in army Y. M. C. A. work in Mesoptoamia. Dr. Woodbridge has just returned to Shanghai from the South and had not heard of the honor his son has won until informed by *The China Press*.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

EDITH MCCLUNG HOUSTON.

THE brief twilight of the tropics had fallen in Cuba and the road shown dimly, winding through dark tangles of vines and heavy foliage. But above these verdant masses were opening the white "flowers of the night," lifting up pure blooms to the heavens and lighting the gloom about them.

So we who labor among those who have not heard the gospel see souls being born from darkness into light and rejoice over lives shining out in clear contrast to those about them and giving testimony to the reality of the change which has come to them.

I wish you could have heard, as I did, the account of her conversion falling from the lips of a bright Cuban woman. I shall try to give her own words in repeating what she said:

> "My life was so empty. I was always seeking for something and yet my soul was never satisfied. What had Romanism to offer me? A form with nothing real. Empty words—how could they heal my broken heart when my children died and I was crushed with sorrow?
>
> "I turned to spiritualism, but I found it a dream. Folly masking as truth. Then I heard the Protestants had come to our town and were holding a service. I went to hear them and there, like the dove when it entered into the ark, my soul found rest. I said to my husband, 'I need seek no more. This is the religion I have longed for. It satisfies me.'"

Her after life has certainly shown that amid diverse trials and severe testing her faith has ever held true. I shall give one instance showing her Christian spirit:

One of her sons, the eldest and best beloved, was set upon and almost killed by a man whose dishonesty he had exposed. He received over twenty wounds. But not a word of desire for vengeance did I hear from those in that Christian family.

"What if they punish him?" said the mother. "They will only harden his heart. He has wounded me," (and she laid her hand on her bosom) "and my wound can never be healed till I have done something for his soul. Till I have shown him the way to Christ."

Pressed by poverty, she often sews far into the night, but she has told me of how she keeps the morning watch, communing with her God upon her bed before she rises to face the day of toil and care. There she wrestles in prayer for the souls about her, there she gives thanks for the many answers to her prayers.

Early this morning I looked out over the beautiful Cuban landscape I can see from my windows upstairs. The wooded hills, the palm trees standing stately and tall, holding up their royal crowns of burnished fronds, and nearer, a mist of radiant whiteness following the course of the river. And I thought of the incense of this Christian's prayers going up from her humble home, overshadowing as a cloud those for whom she pleads, bringing down blessing upon all.

Camajuani, Cuba.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF OUR CUBAN WORK.

MISS MARGARET M. DAVIS.

Cardenas, Cuba, Sept. 29, 1917.

Dear Friends:

A MONTH ago Miss Craig and I reached here. We were the first workers to reach Cardenas, so we had the pleasure of welcoming the Halls and the Whartons during the next week. They were delayed because of the difficulty of securing passports. Uncle Sam is trying to keep Americans at home—unles their work elsewhere is pressing—and we feel that our work here is pressing.

Perhaps you know that I did not ask the Committee to send me to Cuba, but God made it very clear that He wanted me here, and I am glad now that He did. I have "fallen in love" with the country and the people; perhaps some day I'll like the language and the mosquitoes.

Constantly I see and hear evidences of the great need in Cuba for Christian education. The need which "*La Progresiva*" is striving to meet. Boys and girls are crowding in. The people here certainly appreciate the school. We need more room—also more rooms. We opened with forty-one more than last year, and now we have an enrollment of about two hundred and forty. Classes are held in the hall and in the auditorium—but we feel that we cannot say to those who come, "Go to the public school," where they can get only five years' work under rather undesirable conditions; or "Go to the priests' school," for there they not only have no instruction in the Bible but are taught many superstitions in regard to it.

Miss Craig gives all of her time—and then a few hours more, to the work of the school, but feels repaid by its wonderful success and by evidences of God's blessing. Did you see the account Mr. Wharton wrote of the change made by the gospel through the school in one boy? When Miss Craig got him into the school he was a street nuisance, scoffing at the Christians, and trying to disturb classes in the school and in the Sunday-school. Now he is a splendid young Christian. Most of the teachers in the school are ex-pupils, and they are earnest Christians and efficient and capable workers.

I spend most of my time studying the language, which is not difficult, but I am impatient to be at work, because I see so much that needs to be done. I teach English in the first and second grades, and I look forward to teaching mathematics as soon as my tongue is limbered up and my eyes are trained sufficiently.

Graduating Class of the Cardenas Mission School, June, 1917.

MRS. WARDLAW IN CUBA.

YOU asked me to write a letter "by return mail" for an early number of the SURVEY.

This will merely be a record of first impressions, which will scarcely be of value for your purpose, so I shall make this a personal letter to you, from which you are free to cull any items that may be of general interest.

Of course every feature of the Cuban country and its customs and every phase of the mission work make a twofold appeal; the charm of novelty on the one hand, and on the other, the resemblance to Brazil. The gorgeous scarlet blossoms of the flamboyant salvia vied with the tossing plumes of the palm trees in waving me a welcome as the train from Havana bore me along in the early morning; the two huge wheels of the lumbering ox carts seemed to creak a welcome with each revolution; and "welcomed" glanced from the palm-thatched huts that dotted the way-side. Then the beauty of the sky, matchlessly blue by day, and of a "midnight blue" by night, and the superlative brightness of the moon, are conspicuous among the reminders of Brazil.

It was in the mission chapel, however, that the likeness and the difference was most keenly felt. And the points of likeness preponderated. Portuguese and Spanish seem to meet more closely in the phraseology of the hymns than elsewhere, and next to the hymns the prayers.

Mrs. Orts was on the eve of leaving for the States, and a reception of farewell to her and of welcome to me gave an early opportunity for meeting with the church people. A brief and interesting service in the chapel was followed by an informal gathering in the commodious *patio*, where refreshments were served by pretty, white-robed girls among rioting flowers and under the radiant stars. Dr. Orts presided charmingly, and everybody chattered in Spanish but one—and that one tried to—and everybody had a good time.

Sooner than was anticipated Dr. Orts followed his wife to the States, to the distress of his devoted people. The night services were temporarily given up, but an effort was made to keep the people together through the Sunday-school. The superintendent since the departure of Dr. Orts, is a bright lad of sixteen, though he looks two years younger, who presides with dignity and self-possession.

Mrs. Thomson and your correspondent were the two to whom the Sunday-school was entrusted. The latter did her feeble, faulty best, alternately helped and hindered by Portuguese, which at times, like a good angel, kept her in the right path by whispering the proper phrase or construction; at other times, like a mischievous imp, threw her completely off the track. Her class of young people seemed to realize that but little could be expected at the end of a few weeks, and were sympathetic, helpful, and apparently interested. It is rather trying to recognize that one knows too little of a language to be of service, yet too much to dare refuse that service; but certain words spoken long ago encourage one to feel that even "two mites" of Spanish may be acceptable to Him who sits "over against the treasury."

Now, however, the Sagua church is looking up again. For the last two Sundays Rev. J. T. Hall has been with us, coming on Saturday morning from Camajuani and remaining until Monday He has been a prized guest in this household, and we look forward to having him again the latter part of this week, perhaps accompanied by his family. He has spent his leisure time in visiting the people, and expresses himself as much cheered by the outlook, and pleased with the spirit of the congregation.

At his request I accompanied him Saturday evening on a round of visits—a most interesting experience, and one that enabled me to see for myself the general gratification felt at having a preacher again. His fervent Sunday-school talks and spiritual preaching have made an admirable impression, and we are convinced that any church under his consecrated care can not fail to grow in grace.

You write us that Rev. and Mrs. Shelby, of Mexico, will soon be here. A welcome awaits them, and we hope they will be happy in this pretty and attractive little city.

We have lately had visits from Mr. Wharton and this morning Rev. Lopez Grutlen, of whom you doubtless know, spent an hour with us, so we feel that we have been privileged. And the mission is rejoicing over the arrival of Miss Edith Houston.

When I have more to tell I shall be glad to comply with your request, and write further of the work.

Most sincerely yours,

MARY HOGE WARDLAW.

Sagua la Grande, Cuba.

ORPHANAGE WORK IN CARDENAS.

REV. R. L. WHARTON.

AT the close of the long struggle for Cuban independence many hundreds of orphans and other absolutely dependent children were to be found in every city and community of the island. Such a condition appealed to a large number of Christian men and women in the States who either sent or came to provide what relief they could for these orphans. Among those who came to give their lives and who have literally given every ounce of their strength and talents to this needy class were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hubbard, of Illinois.

This godly man and his wife reached Cardenas in February, 1902, with nothing upon which to work save an abounding faith in God and a heart full of love for needy humanity. The city authorities recognizing the opportunity which had presented itself gave him at once the use of a large building which had formerly served as a smallpox hospital, and the surrounding grounds amounting to two and a half acres of land. With this as a base of operations Mr. Hubbard gathered together twenty orphan children and began his labor of love. As the weeks went by the number of children increased and the whole town was filled with wonder upon seeing this college-bred gentleman and his wife living with and making a happy home for all these children, many of whom were anything but attractive either in appearance or in character. After five months the city aldermen voted to give him $50 per month to help support the institution and after another year the charitably disposed citizens of the town formed a protective society and have since provided an average of about $60 per month. An additional two and a half acres of ground were secured and for fifteen years the support of at least 50 children has been constantly provided for in this way.

Mr. Hubbard has won the respect, confidence and esteem of every citizen of the town regardless of his religion or lack of religion, and the effect of the work has been felt either directly or indirectly in scores of homes. All told during these fifteen years three hundred and eighty children have been taken care of for a greater or less length of time. Of that number about forty have united with the church; one is an effective teacher in our mission school and another will probably be added to the faculty next year. Two others are public school teachers; three are trained nurses; four have gone to the States and are giving good account of themselves there. Of the entire number who have gone out from the institution fully 75 per cent. hold positions of responsibility.

Such is the blessed work done among a class which had absolutely nothing to look forward to because of the abject poverty into which they had been cast through force of circumstances. Today the fate of this work hangs in the balance. Some better means of support must be provided for it. The physical burden has become more than any one man can carry and an earnest Christian man and his wife are needed to share the burdens and the joy of this work. The people of the town seem more inclined than ever to help support the institution and on every side we hear the statement, "The orphanage must not be closed." "I'll give a dollar per month," "Put me down for five dollars," etc., etc.

The Presbyterian Church has the opportunity now of taking over this work with the absolute approval and supoprt of the entire town and the workers of all denominations are counting upon the Presbyterians to perpetuate the work done so long and faithfully by that godly Presbyterian

Caibarien Church, Cuba.

elder, Mr. Hubbard, and his equally faithful and noble Presbyterian wife. This, however, it will be impossible until the Church gives us more money for carrying on the work we already have on hand.

Cardenas, Cuba.

UNIQUE MISSION STUDY.

I AM sending you a very unique way for entertaining the ladies of a church, and interesting them in missions and Mission Study.

"Invitations were sent to all the women in the congregation to an informal reception at a home centrally located. Every lady was met at the door with a tag bearing the name and station of some missionary, and asked to represent that missionary during the evening. By putting this on the invitation each person could be asked to tell of the missionary she was representing and the station. Missionary games were played, such as mixing the letters of the names of well known missionaries and having guests rearrange them.

"Then the list of questions I'm sending was distributed, with the instruction that some missionary's name represented in the room would answer the question. It was fun to see the ladies hunting to see "Who was who."

"While every one was interested then the need and importance of Mission Study was presented in an attractive way. In this instance the missionary clock method suggested by Miss Eva Cavers was used.

"The ladies had been divided into six groups and a leader for each group appointed, so while interest was at its height, the names and group leaders were read and those groups asked to meet separately for a few minutes to organize and order books. Then followed refreshments.

"As a result, while we have had about a dozen women studying missions heretofore, we hope to have fifty or sixty in these groups.

"If you think this might help others pass it along. If you should use it don't use my name.

"The following names answer the questions: Crane, Wilds, See, Monroe, Taylor, Stirling, Lee, Reed, Shields, Boyle, Graham, Woods, Rice, Martin, Lacy, Butler, Baker, Hall, Painter, Fulton, Bell, Fair, Hudson, Knight, Farmer, Nickles, Maria Fearing, Arnold, French."

1. What Africa missionary, while on the field, is in his native haunts?
2. What missionary has the longest bill?
3. A large body of water?
4. What language is spoken in Hangchow?
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6. What must you learn first, when you go to Brazil?
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9. What kind of dresses do the ladies wear at Tsing-Kiang-Pu?
10. A great inventor?
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12. A well known river
13. A society leader?
14. One that is always just?
15. One that stays indoors after dark?
16. Which one betrayed his country?
17. Which one is like small coins?
18. Which one holds forth when the sun goes down?
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CUBA FOR CHRIST.

EDITH MCCLUNG HOUSTON.

A pearl sends forth its gleams 'mid sapphire seas.
'Tis Cuba radiant with perpetual spring;
Yet might she gain beauties more real than these,
For Cuba still doth lack the fairest thing.

I ask thee, then, oh friend, this prayer to wing—
That, shining with a light not hers before,
Set in the diadem of Christ the King,
Cuba may shed her luster evermore.

COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA AND HELP US.

REV. W. FRANK MCELROY.

WE had gone to Kabinda to see the with reference to our new station among the Baluba. Lumpungah entertains us while we are there, not in his own house but in his village. For ten months we have had two evangelists there.

In talking to us he asks, "And why do you wish to build your station 50 miles away and among the people of another tribe? Come here and I will build you all the houses you want." The chief near where we wished to build was much afraid of the Roman Catholics, but Lumpungah said that he was not afraid of them. He insisted that we had to come there and build and live with him. He is the chief of the Basonga. He has about 200,000 people and the offer was so tempting. He is about sixty and when he dies some slave of the Roman Catholics will become their chief.

Sorrowfully we had to tell him, "We are sorry, but we are sent by the Mission to open up at the point agreed on and we cannot do otherwise. We are working among the Baluba; your people are Basonga. But if you wish you may send in two or three men to Luebo to the Ad Interim Committee and lay your plea before them." But even as we told him we felt sorry that we were not allowed to settle then and there.

So far we have only touched the border of the Baluba people. Even when this new station is established, there will be room for one or two more stations to the south of us. The Basonga, years ago overran much of the Baluba territory raiding them for slaves. The state post is near Lumpungah and there is an ideal spot for a station about one-half mile from his residence.

What shall we do, what shall we say? The state man tells us that many of the Basonga are giving up belief in their old medicines or charms, but that they do not except any other religion. The Roman Catholics have done almost nothing for them but oppress them.

HOW I SPENT LAST SUNDAY.

PLUMER SMITH.

BEING at our new station we had agreed to take it turn about, the two of us in going to the village of Fuamba on Sundays. While we are building our new station in the territory of Mbua Matumba, our site is one and a half miles from his village. One was to go there and preach Sunday morning and afternoon while the other went to Fuamba, which is four and a half miles beyond. I left here about 8:10 A. M. and arrived there about 10:30. I went to the home of our evangelist who is there. Soon the people came to give me, "Life," and among them the chief Fuamba. The chief is quite friendly. He has about 3,000 people behind him. About fifty people were at the service at 11 A. M. A few women came and looked in but were afraid to come in and sit down and listen.

After services I went home with the chief, rather to his place where he holds his court. The house was a circular house about 20 feet in diameter and the poles of the palm branches came to a point at the top. On to these were tied reeds and then the grass roof. The roof reached from the top to the ground. As there were two doors to the house, it was quite light in there. We talked till I got sleepy. I was sitting on a native chair, the chief was reclining on a bamboo (or similar wood) lounge. When he saw that I was sleepy, he offered me his lounge. I ate my lunch and took his offer. It was a good bed, I suppose, but as there was no mattress, blankets or rugs, it was too hard for me to sleep much.

About three I went down to the house of the evangelist near our church and suggested his blowing the horn. He got out the buffalo horn, poured some water in it and then blew it. Fifteen minutes later he did the same, which meant that we intended to have a service. We had fifty at this service a so. The chief was there. He listened well, but for the fact that if anyone came too near the church, the chief yelled out for him to come on in or else take himself off and leave us in peace. No women or girls came in the afternoon. Some came within twenty feet but when the chief yelled at them they went away. The chief listened well.

While I am standing three feet from the church after the services the Roman Catholic evangelist comes up to within three feet of me and slaps down two kids calling them, "beast." I remonstrate with him. Instead of listening he knocked down another one. Two of them had formerly attended the Roman Catholic service, but one of them

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In talking to us he asks, "And why do you wish to build your station 50 miles away and among the people of another tribe? Come here and I will build you all the houses you want." The chief near where we wished to build was much afraid of the Roman Catholics, but Lumpungah said that he was not afraid of them. He insisted that we had to come there and build and live with him. He is the chief of the Basonga. He has about 200,000 people and the offer was so tempting. He is about sixty and when he dies some slave of the Roman Catholics will become their chief.

Sorrowfully we had to tell him, "We are sorry, but we are sent by the Mission to open up at the point agreed on and we cannot do otherwise. We are working among the Baluba; your people are Basonga. But if you wish you may send in two or three men to Luebo to the Ad Interim Committee and lay your plea before them." But even as we told him we felt sorry that we were not allowed to settle then and there.

So far we have only touched the border of the Baluba people. Even when this new station is established, there will be room for one or two more stations to the south of us. The Basonga, years ago overran much of the Baluba territory raiding them for slaves. The state post is near Lumpungah and there is an ideal spot for a station about one-half mile from his residence.

What shall we do, what shall we say? The state man tells us that many of the Basonga are giving up belief in their old medicines or charms, but that they do not except any other religion. The Roman Catholics have done almost nothing for them but oppress them.

HOW I SPENT LAST SUNDAY.

PLUMER SMITH.

BEING at our new station we had agreed to take it turn about, the two of us in going to the village of Fuamba on Sundays. While we are building our new station in the territory of Mbua Matumba, our site is one and a half miles from his village. One was to go there and preach Sunday morning and afternoon while the other went to Fuamba, which is four and a half miles beyond. I left here about 8:10 A. M. and arrived there about 10:30. I went to the home of our evangelist who is there. Soon the people came to give me, "Life," and among them the chief Fuamba. The chief is quite friendly. He has about 3,000 people behind him. About fifty people were at the service at 11 A. M. A few women came and looked in but were afraid to come in and sit down and listen.

After services I went home with the chief, rather to his place where he holds his court. The house was a circular house about 20 feet in diameter and the poles of the palm branches came to a point at the top. On to these were tied reeds and then the grass roof. The roof reached from the top to the ground. As there were two doors to the house, it was quite light in there. We talked till I got sleepy. I was sitting on a native chair, the chief was reclining on a bamboo (or similar wood) lounge. When he saw that I was sleepy, he offered me his lounge. I ate my lunch and took his offer. It was a good bed, I suppose, but as there was no mattress, blankets or rugs, it was too hard for me to sleep much.

About three I went down to the house of the evangelist near our church and suggested his blowing the horn. He got out the buffalo horn, poured some water in it and then blew it. Fifteen minutes later he did the same, which meant that we intended to have a service. We had fifty at this service a so. The chief was there. He listened well, but for the fact that if anyone came too near the church, the chief yelled out for him to come on in or else take himself off and leave us in peace. No women or girls came in the afternoon. Some came within twenty feet but when the chief yelled at them they went away. The chief listened well.

While I am standing three feet from the church after the services the Roman Catholic evangelist comes up to within three feet of me and slaps down two kids calling them, "beast." I remonstrate with him. Instead of listening he knocked down another one. Two of them had formerly attended the Roman Catholic service, but one of them

had never been. Home by dark, stopping on the way back to tell the chief, Mbua Matumba, "Life." Supper. Then a native service conducted by the native evangelist here. Pray for Fuamba and his people that they may accept the message of salvation.

BRICK MAKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

REV. PLUMER SMITH.

NOT all of the missionaries have had a training in making bricks during their seminary course, but at times this task is thrust upon them. Mr. McKee and the writer found themselves on our new site at Mbua Matumba at the begiuniug of the dry season—which meant that they were up against such a proposition.

We began with about twenty-five men to clear off the top of a large ant hill. The top dirt was not what we wanted, as well as being full of roots. As we had brought no tools with us we had to depend on those brought by the men, their own tools, small native hoes, all of which had been originally about four by five inches, but which, in the course of years had worn down to one-half or one-third that size. To see them hitting at that hard ant hill with their hoes—it could hardly be called digging, made us afraid tbat we would not make much impression on it. The metal was soft and when a root or rock was hit, then there was a wounded hoe whose wielder had to take a half hour off to fix it. We hope that this one ant hill will furnish us with all the dirt which we want.

Then we cleared off a large yard, on which to dry the bricks. About that time our tools and brick molds came and so we began. As we had no boxes to carry dirt in we had to buy native baskets for that purpose. Native pots and gourds did for bringing water. Also baskets were daubed with mud and used to hold water in which the brick molds were washed. We borrowed four planks from the native chief for one table, but made a better one of native reeds.

One man said that he had once worked for a state man who was making bricks with a press, but that he had never seen it done in this way. The others had not been around when bricks were being made. So the "man from the foreign land," who knows everything, steps up and shows them how it should be done. Then lets them have a try at it. By watching the native he sees bis mistakes and corrects them. Two were tried who had to be put aside. One man would not take the advice given. The other would have to wash his hands after each mold was filled, which took up too much time. We have two molders now whom we think can turn out 3,000 a day between them. As they bave molded only about a week, that is not so bad we think. Then, too, we get in only about seven hours a day. It is one and a half miles to their village—our site had no houses on it three months ago and only three small ones have since been built.

As they do not eat before they come they soon get hungry and begin looking for cassava roots or potatoes near their work. Formerly there were fields on the site of our brick yard. Then, too, they are great smokers, as well as being a very thirsty people. Having never worked for a white man before, they never appreciate the fact that obedience is a most admirable accomplishment. We are gradually finding out about how much they can do and giving them tasks and telling them to finish so much and they are through.

When we consider that their standard pay is only one dollar a month maybe you think that they have a good reason to be slow. I have often heard the saying, "You can't hurry the east," and sometimes I feel like adding, "Do not try to budge Africa, else you will be disappointed." But, then, there are some of them who work with a will and work all the time. I think tbat our two molders hardly lose ten minutes all day long. Even the slowest do a good deal of work. To the better ones we have promised one dollar and twenty cents or one dollar and forty cents. Then, too, we have some boys only 13 or 14 who are doing as much work as tbe grown men.

As it is too far to their homes the men stay here at noon. There is a large tree under which they sit. Some of their wives bring food for them to eat. One boy who was in the printing office at Luebo once is well educated for Africa. As soon as noon comes he begins to teach them. From noon till two we can hear their "A, B, C, D, E" learning their letters. They got us to let them have a few First Readers. This school is all on their own initiation, and so far the missionaries have let them alone.

At 2 P. M. the horn is blown for services when one of the missionaries preaches to them. After the sermon our evangelist teaches them the catechism. Pray for these men that not only may they themselves become Christians, but that God may put into their hearts to become fishers of men also to their own people.

CONGO'S NEED.

Isa. 44:14.

From his hut of leaves and rushes,
See, a dusky native goes;
Searches mid the trees and bushes
Where the mighty Congo flows;
Finds a tree which suits his fancy,
Cuts a log, and homeward goes.

Now with chisel and with mallet
Fashions he the piece of wood;
Then from out a dirty wallet
Takes his '*bwanga*'* strong and good;
Smears it on the ugly fetish,
Which has now become his god.

Ps. 115:8.

And a more degraded creature,
'Twould indeed be hard to find;
Sin is stamped on every feature
Of his body and his mind;
As his fetish, so his heart is,
Filthy, naked, wretched, blind.

Jno. 3:16.

But at last he hears the story
Of the wondrous Grace of God,
Of the One who left the Glory,
And this world of darkness trod;
How he died for guilty sinners,
To redeem them by his blood.

Now we see the native turning
From his idols and his sin;
His enlightened heart is burning
With a strange new love within;
He who once was poor and wretched,
Now is happy, ransomed, clean.

1 Thess. 5:9-10.

God, the source of every blessing,
Now receives the praise and laud;
And the Holy Spirit's teaching
Guides his footsteps by the Word;
Christ, at God's right hand exalted,
Is his Saviour and his Lord.

One to God has been converted,
Thousands still remain the same;
Thoughts and actions all perverted,
Knowing not the Saviour's name;
Serving Satan, not their Maker,
Living lives of sin and shame.

Mark 16:15.

Is it justice, is it kindness,
Thus to leave them in their sin?
Mid the ignorance and blindness,
Not a ray of hope within;
None to tell them of the Saviour,
Who has died their souls to win.

Lord, increase our love, we pray Thee,
Fields are ripe, and servants few;
Teach us gladly to obey Thee,
Give us willing hearts and true,
That, responsive to Thy bidding,
We may seek Thy will to do.

—*H. Wilson, Inkongo, Sankuru.*

*Medicine.

I WOULD ITINERATING GO.

REV. L. T. NEWLAND.

IT makes no difference how often I leave home on itinerating trips, I never seem to be able to so perfect myself in traveling that I do not leave in a rush and have a dozen things to do the last minute. There are always the last instructions to give the gardener, for out here you must think of all the things you want done, and then of all the things you do not want him to do, and be as explicit in one as in the other. Then a half dozen or so brethren drop in the last moment and though they see you rushing around like some one distracted they blandly ask if you are busy and then proceed to sit and sit, but at last the last word is said, the last direction is directed, the last child is consoled and I am off.

On the trip I am going to tell about I left about 10 o'clock in the morning to take a little launch to my destination. It was to leave at 10:30, so I had to hurry. After getting safely aboard and bestowing all my packages so I would be at least a lunch box's distance from a cigarette smoker, I composed myself to wait the boat's departure—which happened just two hours after schedule time. But at last we got away in a little shower and chugged our way up a little arm of the sea where I was to disembark. These little launches are about twenty feet long, indescribably dirty, with a little cabin about 6x6x5 feet, where the first class passengers sit—on the floor, and there is always a generous cargo of dried fish, sea-weed, Korean pickle, Koreans and Kerosene. All these, together with the hedge water, combine to make the time one spends on a Japanese launch to be indelibly impressed on the nostrils if not on the mind.

We disembarked in the rain and then walked a couple of miles to the little village where I was going to spend the night. It was Monday afternoon and I was going to a place where only one family had been believing for a few months, yet when I came into the village unannounced, I found this whole family gathered in the living room busy in singing and praying. Upon inquiry I found they had lost track of the time, for the heathen Korean does not count his weeks by Sundays, and thinking Monday was Sunday they had all quit work and were engaged in worship. My helper and I immediately took part in the service and observed Monday-Sunday with them. Afterwards he made them a calendar so they could keep up with the Sabbath.

It would be interesting for you to know how this family started to believe. Last fall two young men came into our hospital for treatment and immediately signified their intention to believe. They stayed in here about two weeks, putting in their whole time studying the Bible, and when they went home they carried a song book and Bible with them; as a natural result I almost at once began to hear reports of how well they were believing. Then, at the Men's Bible Class one of them came back and studied in that, and strange for Korea, this one, the youngest son who had believed first and then brought the others to Christ,; for during the winter the mother and other two boys decided to believe and then later one of the two daughters and two daughters-in-law also accepted Christ. Thus a whole family were brought to know the Saviour as a direct fruit of one hospital.

We spent the afternoon preaching from house to house and were well received; then at night about fifty gathered at this believer's house and heard the gospel message. They listened well and promised to return the following Sunday. The next morning we had catechumenate examination, when the mother and three sons of this household stood excellent examinations and gave every evidence of real faith. On top of this one of the boys recited the Shorter Catechism with a mistake for good measure. The following afternoon I left this little village happy in the knowledge that I left behind a household of faith, who will be the seed of a flourishing church in that community.

We left here and walked seven or eight miles to my next meeting point. There is no church here either, but a family, where two old ladies, together with two others from a near-by village, have believed for several years, are baptized and meet all day Sunday for mutual help and instruction. None of them can read better than a child in the first reader, so they have to pick out the verses word at a time and sing over and over again the few hymns they know, but there is no intellectual restraint put upon their praying, so they are all mighty in prayer and strong in faith. There is no man to lead them and they have no quiet place to meet in, but the living room of this house is certainly a spot "where prayer is wont to be made."

We held a night service here and the crowd filled a large front porch and front yard—over a hundred were out, I should estimate. This is the third time I have been to this place and the first time we ever had a crowd out at night, so I feel

much encouraged and am sure the faith of these women will soon bear good fruit. On the following morning I held a communion service with these faithful ones and it was soul-refreshing after seeing the somewhat formal and matter of fact observation of this service in most churches, both in America and Korea, to see the tear-wet eyes and hear the ejaculations of thankfulness from these old women, as their minds dwelt on their Saviour's sacrifice for them.

Leaving here we walked over passes, through gorges, along a hot, dusty road to the last church I was to visit on this trip. Here a little group had struggled along for several years, holding their own, but neither advancing or going back. Still I knew something was going to happen, for the church members were unusually faithful and sincere. Sure enough this past fall the opposition began to break down. Through the instrumentality of a little school that gave some heathen children their first chance to learn, those who had held out so long against the gospel began to attend church, and when once the opposition began to give way it all broke through at once. Now, there are only three homes in that whole village that are not attending church regularly, and many among those in the surrounding villages are also attending. The church has more than doubled in regular attendance and has become too small to accommodate the crowds. Best of all, this is but the start and there seems to be still brighter days ahead of this little group. Out of their poverty they gave about $8.00 towards their helper for this spring and have contributed liberally towards all other causes.

I left here about 4:30 Monday morning, walked 15 miles and caught the 8:30 train for home. It had been a very profitable trip, for on every hand I had evidences of how wonderfully God was blessing the work. This whole country has long withstood His grace, but now the gospel light is bursting out in many different points. I had walked some 50 miles, visited five different groups of Christians and found all of them encouraged and moving forward. So, I came back on this, my last itinerating trip for this spring, strengthened in faith and with a livelier hope for the victory of the gospel in this part of my field than I had ever had before.

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN IN CHINA.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

THAT word "gentleman" in China stands for even more definite things than in the Southland. And when I say that my friend is a "gentleman" I do not imply that any other Americans are not, but simply that Dr. W. H. Hudson is officially enrolled among the "gentry" of the city of Kashing. He is one of the city fathers. When any public improvement is considered he is consulted. He "belongs." At the moment he is busy supervising the erection of a hall of public assembly.

This is so important in itself, and so symbolical, that I should like to write about it in full, save that I am crowding in these few lines on the railway journey from Kashing to Shanghai, while surrounded by eating, drinking, smoking, newspaper reading Chinese. I have just landed in China and am merely passing through to Russia, but in Shanghai learned that our friend, Miss Corriher, the nurse in the Kashing hospital, had been terribly burned, and is only now, after five weeks of agony, past the danger point. So I have been to Kashing to see her. Incidentally, I met that fine missionary body that alone represents the Christian Church in this great city and district.

About that hall of public assembly. It is a symbol of the new democracy. For the city officials themselves decreed its creation on the old drill grounds of the Manchus. They wanted a place where the people high and low could meet to hear addresses upon modern themes—political, economical, social, scientific and religious. So they appropriated the money, and gave over the work of designing and building it entirely into the hands of Dr. Hudson. Now a modern structure, looking suspiciously like a church, is almost completed. It will seat 1,000 persons, and the work was all done by a Chinese Christian contractor. The Board of Education has made a substantial gift to the Southern Presbyterian work in recognition of the missionary's service. If at any time he can get a visiting speaker, native or foreign, the city will provide the hall and the audience. Here is an opportunity for some of the Americans who want to deliver themselves of great addresses. The passage across the Pacific is safe, and the visit to Kashing is worth the price. One may get more new sights and sounds—and smells—in a day's visit to Kashing than in a year's American travel.

If by chance the visitor be a Southern Presbyterian, he is due to have a puffy sensation under his sun helmet. For what Hudson, Taylor and Griffith, John and Nevius and Martin and others of the patriarchs of Chinese missions could not do, namely, secure a foothold in Kashing, the Southern Presbyterians came at the right moment to do. The others were too early. With steadily increasing success, this handful of men and women have represented America, the Occident and Christianity in this old walled city. Dr. Hudson remarked to me this morning as he told me the story of the children's pagoda built to commemorate the cursing of an official by a Chinese child, "But they did not learn their lesson, for I have been cursed on this very street by the children—and for that matter, on every street of the city." Now, he is one of the city's "gentry."

Like the gentleman that he is, Dr. Hudson attributes it all to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable and their amazing work in the hospital. While I suspect that the responsibility will have to be divided, the women missionaries also getting a substantial share of credit, there is warrant for what Dr. Hudson says. I know something about mission hospitals and I can testify that this one is a remarkable success. And yet it cannot find a nurse to take Miss Corriher's place or to serve with her when she returns. Dr. Venable would, I fear, go to all lengths to secure an American nurse, even to the extent of bribing Chang Shu's soldiers to kidnap one.

Like a brash American, when I found that Miss Corriher is undergoing this stifling heat without an electric fan, I thought I would undertake to get the officials to supply the power, and the Executive Committee to install the wiring. But, alas, the city has current only from five o'clock until midnight. Within the compound, however, is a perfectly good American kerosene engine, installed to operate the X-ray machine, given by the Rockefeller Foundation. Its dynamo creates an alternating current of too high voltage to be applied to a fan or a light. A transformer (is that the word?) that will make it available for storage battery purposes would not only make possible electric fans in the hospital, but also a lighting system for the compound.

Now for a confession. I have written this little article, under rather trying conditions, solely in the hope that it may fall into the hands of some layman who is in the electrical business, who will take prompt steps to remedy this real need at Kashing. Thus, to furnish light and healing to China, in a most literal and concrete fashion, strikes me as an appealing opportunity. Assuredly the Executive Committee will co-operate with any man who is willing to take the word of a sophisticated and sweltering journalist that this is an investment worth while.

En Route in a Chinese Railway, between Kashing and Shanghai, June 26, 1917.

TROUBLOUS TIMES AT HAICHOW.

MRS. T. B. GRAFTON.

I HAVE had these two pictures for some time to send to the SURVEY, to let our friends see what a nice comfortable house we have built for the teacher of the Haichow Boys' school to live in and also that the young lady sent us for the Haichow Girls' school may see some of the girls she will find waiting for her.

House for teacher of boys' school at Haichow. built by T. B. Grafton.

This is not a very auspicious time to write because we are existing under trying conditions, thanks to Gen. Chang Hsun and his upsetting of the affairs of the government. Since the report reached Haichow from Peking sometime last week that Chang Hsun was either captured or about to be, at Peking, the soldiers here have been terrorizing the country and on Saturday night they mutinied and looted the city, burning many stores and houses. They confined their depredations to the city, but we outside did not know what minute they might come out, so about twelve o'clock at night the children were taken out of bed and without even dressing them they were hurried to our compound which is the most distant from the city, and while mothers hastily put on the children's clothes the men put ladders to the back fence, pre-

Some of the girls in the Haichow School, 1917.

paring to go out that way and leave the place to the soldiers in case they came.

Fortunately they did not come outside the city gates and our places were not invaded. Ever since that night we have been uneasy and have our suit cases packed and standing convenient so that any moment, night or day, we may flee. We also have boats on the river at our gates, ready to receive us when we need them. Just where we would go should we have to take to the boats is a question, the soldiers are everywhere, but they are after money and not lives, so we feel they would not pursue us.

Rather a strenuous situation, but we are in God's hands and our lives are His.

Haichow, China.

LETTER FROM MRS. A. D. RICE.

GREETINGS and loving remembrances to the many friends who were so kind to me and mine during our recent sojourn in the homeland.

I think of all of you often and "make mention of you in my prayers," because of the love and sympathy manifested on so many occasions.

After many tedious delays, caused by drought and disturbed political conditions, we reached home just two months from the time of leaving Texas.

In spite of the general unrest among the Chinese and the disturbances caused by an untrained soldiery we found the work progressing. All the regular church services are well attended.

Our welcome from co-workers and Chinese was warm and sincere.

It is good to be loved and wanted, and to be needed. I found the same dear Bible women and hospital workers, each doing her duty faithfully, in some cases with serious handicaps, such as family opposition, sickness and insufficient training. We do our best for them, but with the overwhelming work among the rank heathen, we cannot give them the proper training.

We feel the committee is doing the very best they can and we do not complain, but, oh, we do so need a single lady for evangelistic work. Mothers cannot do it.

The problem is not to find the work, but to find time and strength to do the work at hand. But we have the promise, "My strength is sufficient."

Not the least of our blessings is the bunch of twelve children, a lively, happy band. From the three-year Vinson twins on to the 10 to 13 year girls and boys.

I am sure many people would have a change of mind as to the loneliness of missionary children could they see the Tonghai crowd.

With many loving thoughts for all who love me. Your friend,

EMMA B. RICE.

THE NANKING UNION HOSPITAL.

DR. A. C. HUTCHESON.

THE removal of the Union Medical School from Nanking to Tsinanfu for the purpose of amalgamating the two schools, left the strategic city of Nanking without even enough medical men to man efficiently the one and only mission hospital in all that great city. In view of the importance of Nanking as a center for so many educational and missionary activities for the whole Yangste valley, it was conceived that in lieu of the medical school it would be an excellent thing to establish there a modern up-to-date hospital with sufficient staff and equipment to do a high class and progressive work in medicine and surgery with a special view to the efficient training of the future graduates from the proposed medical school at Shanghai, as well as the existing one at Tsinanfu.

In other words, a hospital that could give a training more in keeping with the demands of the new and well equipped medical schools, than any hospital run by a single mission could reasonably expect to furnish.

With this end in view, the China Medical Board, which, as perhaps every one knows, is the standing committee of the Rockefeller Foundation for their work in China, was approached with a view to their co-operation in the scheme. They were very favorably impressed by it and promised their hearty co-operation financially, in that they would provide half of the sum asked for permanent equipment and provide one doctor in addition. This money has been for the most part raised and it is hoped to begin work on a new and well planned dispensary in the fall. It is in fulfilment of this plan for a union hospital work in Nanking that I have been sent as representative of the China missions.

The value of the medical work in so important a city as Nanking for the sake of the medical work alone can hardly be questioned by anyone and when we add to that the value which is attached to the carrying out of schemes for the fuller and higher training of our young medical graduates of the future, so as to fully equip them to compete and hold their own with the medical graduates of any government schools of China or Japan, it is readily seen that the plan is a fine one and should be of immense help to the medical phase of our Christian missions in China.

It is well appreciated by all physicians that the years spent by the young intern in the hospital after his graduation from school are in many ways the most important years of his preparation for his professional career, and many a young doctor has been marred or made by those first years of his actual contact with the patient in the hospital ward and by the general atmosphere of the hospital in which he was taking his training.

We hope to be able in Nanking, by reason of a larger staff and better equipment, to appeal strongly to and attract to our hospital some of the best and most promising young graduates from the two schools above mentioned and from anywhere in China for that matter, and under the auspices of a Christian institution, a mission hospital, to help train these future leaders of their profession in China.

The keeping of a young intern under Christian auspices will be most vital to him in the development of his Christian character and will insure to the church and the kingdom many men who might, by going into non-missionary hospitals, lose complete touch with Christian thought and work.

In short, the scheme at Nanking is but the further working out of the principle which we are all realizing is so vital to our work in China, namely, that since the future young men are going to go for their education where they can get the best to advance them in the struggle of life and if our mission schools and hospitals do not furnish this they will go into other schools that do afford it, therefore we must raise our institutions up to the highest standards possible in order to attract these brightest young men. We have raised our standards in all the teaching centers in China and in our medical schools in particular and we must be ready to provide a hospital training in keeping with this general advance or we shall lose these young men at a most critical time in their career.

We shall strive to attract to Nanking by reason of our hospital work, the best young men from these schools, hoping that we may further help leaven the medical profession of China with Christian physicians.

This is a day of world-wide co-operation in war and in peace. Let us also, in the mission field, try to find where we can most strategically meet the demands of the young generation of China, and let co-operation in our hospital work be one of these means.

The hospital which is to be the Union Hospital is not a new institution in any way, but is the same hospital which has for years been the strongest mission hospital in the city and which has long ministered to the needy and poor of Nanking. It had many exciting and busy experiences as the Red Cross hospital during the two revolutions in which Nanking served as the

objective of the contending armies and it has won for itself in this capacity the good name and esteem of large bodies of the Chinese. It has now for the first time the prospect of financial aid to enable it to get into better clothes and to do first class work. One has but to look over some of the employees to be reminded of the Red Cross days during the siege of Nanking. The messenger boy with one arm, the coolie in the dressing room with half a foot gone and the man in charge of making up surgical dressings with the scars of war still evident upon him, each and all serve to testify that in times of stress and strain in China the Chinese know that the Mission Hospital is in China, with no other meaning and purpose than to serve the suffering, the poor and the needy.

THE PIONEERS.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF S. P. MISSION IN KOREA.

1892-1917.

BY MATTIE INGOLD TATE.

Three cheers for the Band that first crossed the wide waters,
To bring the glad tidings to the land of Chosen,
The message of love to those lost sons and daughters,
Who knew not redemption's sweet story till then.

The Band was of seven—the perfect in number—
And bright were their hopes as they came to this shore,
They prayed and they planned and no ground did they cumber,
But sowed by all waters the good seed from their store.

Miss Davis, the first one to reach Chemulpe,
Was first, too, in every good labor of love;
The first on errands of mercy to go,
And first to be called to His service above.

Mr. Junkin, the saintly, abundant in labors,
And happy in speech, with a heart full of love,
Led many blind souls to light and the Saviour,
Before he was taken for service above.

Mrs. Junkin was with him, so dear and devoted,
So helpful to all and a mother so true,
Though now in the home-land, we know she still loves us,
And prays for our work unceasingly, too.

Then, too, Dr. Reynolds, the learned translator,
Has labored to publish the life-giving Word,
By lip and by page with noble devotion,
Has he given the message and thousands have heard.

Mrs. Reynolds, so ready with love and devotion,
To help in the work which they came out to do,
Has well done her part, and with little commotion,
Has made herself useful and well beloved, too.

Mr. Tate is well known to our friends of today,
And his locks have grown grey, but not aged his heart,
He's up early and off o'er the hills far away,
Ever faithful and ready to do his full part.

Miss Tate, though named last, is not least in endeavor,
But all through the years has done her full share,
With visits and classes and journeys wherever
There were souls she could win for the mansions up there.

Still with us are four and two are in heaven,
And one in the home-land our pathway still cheers,
We salute and we honor this first Band of seven
And pray God's rich blessings on our loved pioneers.

SENIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1917.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

TOPIC—CUBA.

Hymn—Joy to the World.
Scripture Reading—Isaiah 9:2-7; Luke 2:9-14.
Prayer.
Minutes.
Roll Call—Answer with a verse of Scripture of PROMISE.
Offering.
Business.
Solo—A Little Bit of Love.
Reading—The Gospel Light.
Topical—History of Our Work in Cuba.
Industrial Life of Women in Cuba.
Social Life in Cuba.
Prayer for Cuba's Needs.
Hymn—The Morning Light is Breaking.
Close with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

SUGGESTIONS.

Let someone give a brief history of our work in Cuba. The Calendar of Prayer and also the leaflet on Cuba will be most helpful.

The current issue of the Survey will furnish up-to-date news of the work in Cuba.

Use the Monthly Topic in the current issue of the Survey.

Let the Christmas spirit truly pervade this service.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

FOREIGN MISSION RECEIPTS
Receipts Applicable to Regular Appropriation.

October	1917	1916
Churches	$ 37,043 22	$ 34,662 69
Sunday Schools	596 46	575 06
Sunday Schools—Brazil		2,021 89
Sundays Schools—Africa	956 29	
Societies	8,967 54	8,710 07
Societies—Brazil		26 70
Societies—Africa	60 00	
Societies—Stixrud	165 62	
Miscellaneous Donations	2,655 75	2,012 45
Miscellaneous Donations—Stixrud	5 00	
	$ 50,449 88	$ 48,008 86
Legacies	12 00	16 38
	$ 50,461 88	$ 48,025 24
For seven months April 1st to October 31st, 1917:		
Churches	$ 138,243 84	$ 131,016 12
Churches—Brazil		93 73
Churches—Africa	27 65	
Sunday Schools	4,724 26	3,966 00
Sunday Schools—Japan		143 01
Sunday Schools—Brazil	205 88	11,183 65
Sunday Schools—Africa	11,645 80	
Sunday Schools—Stixrud	5 00	
Societies	36,935 04	31,989 25
Societies—Japan		30 00
Societies—Brazil	5 00	127 65
Societies—Africa	200 25	
Societies—Stixrud	1,197 82	
Miscellaneous Donations	18,413 97	12,580 44
Miscellaneous Donations—Brazil		19 11
Miscellaneous Donations—Africa	53 50	
Miscellaneous Donations—Stixrud	34 60	
	$ 211,692 61	$ 191,152 96
Legacies	$ 2,387 99	5,514 97
	$ 214,080 60	$ 196,667 93
Initial appropriation for year ending March 31, 1918		$ 520,370 22
Net additional appropriation to October 31, 1917		52,566 64
		$ 572,936 86
Deficit March 31, 1917		$ 73,425 92
Amount needed for year (at this date)		$ 646,362 78

The amount received for objects outside the budget in the seven months, $18,650.70.

EDWIN F. WILLIS,
Treasurer.

Nashville, Tennessee, October 31, 1917.

The Only Nancy, by Francis George; a tale of the Kentucky mountains; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York City; $1.25 net.

All those who are interested in our missionary work in the mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia will read this book with pleasure and interest. It is the story of a Southern mountain community told with vividness and power. We have a suspicion that Francis George is only part of the name of the author, and that the full name if given would be that of one of our most efficient evangelistic preachers. This remains to be seen.

Who Follows in Their Train, by Caroline M. Holmes; a fascinating Syrian Romance, 12 mo., cloth, net $1.25; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York City.

The charmingly written account of an American girl's adventures in the land of Syria. Into it are woven soft, romantic elements, such as becometh a story written beneath the shadows of a glorious Lebanon, in a region of wondrous sunsets, quiet sheepfolds and the scent of orange blossoms.

Yet Rachel Locke has something more to relate than the mere record of sweet dalliance in an eastern paradise—something which shows how, when least expectant, she discovers the path to high ideals and uplifting duty.

Those who read and succumbed to the fascination of "The Lady of the Decoration," may anticipate a similar pleasure from this delightful volume.

"Thirty Years With the Mexicans." By A. B. Case. Illustrated. Revell & Company. $1.50.

This book, presenting a vivid and picturesque panorama of Mexican affairs, is as fascinating as a noval, which causes the author to insist that he is not romancing. It holds the attention from start to finish. To read the first few chapters is to insure its completion.

Written by a missionary of the American Board, it deals with the manners, customs, country and religion of our next door neighbors, interweaving anecdote and incidents, with realistic description; and withal it gives the brighter side of missionary effort in spite of opposition, persecution and prejudice. As an eye-witness to the political disturbances, the author had exceptional advantages for studying the causes of Mexico's unhappy internal troubles, and this personal narrative will perhaps give the reader the best understanding of the true inwardness of the conflicting forces, which keep the republic in a continuous turmoil.

We venture the assertion that its unprejudiced perusal will revolutionize one's thinking and attitude toward a people but little understood by us. Since a half million Mexicans are now in Texas, where we have twenty-three organized Mexican Presbyterian churches, with a communicant roll of 1,300 this account of their country and its condition will especially interest our Church, which conducts also a Foreign Mission campaign in Mexico. It deserves a wide circulation and will inevitably create a sympathetic interest in behalf of the Mexican republic and people.

DO YOU KNOW.

1. The size of Cuba?
2. What response the Spaniards made to the appeal of the inhabitants of Cuba?
3. How Mr. Wharton describes the present situation in Cuba?
4. How a Christian Cuban woman witnessed for the Lord?
5. Why Dôna Isabel "beat the saint"?
6. Of a great need and a great opportunity for the Presbyterian Church in Cuba?
7. What Lumpangah offered the missionaries, and what response was made?
8. What was directly responsible for the conversion of a whole family in Korea?
9. What the new Hall of Public Assembly in Kashing is a symbol of? Who was entrusted with its building?
10. What missionary's son was decorated by the French Government?

THE SAINT WHO WAS BEATEN.

EDITH MCCLUNG HOUSTON.

WHAT a battered picture I am sending you! You can scarcely see that it is of a very pious looking person with a child in his arms. His name is Cayetano, and he lived a long time ago and is said to have been a very good kind of a man.

After he had been dead sometime he was made a "saint" (canonized) by the Roman Catholics and they began to pray to him to ask God to do things for them. You see they do not know that Jesus is the only mediator between us and God, for they are not allowed to read the Bible and no one has ever told them any better.

"The Saint Who Was Beaten."

Well, though they have many "saints" here in Cuba they think a great deal of this one, for in most of the houses they have his picture fastened right inside the door and say he will keep poverty from ever entering the house.

I knew the old lady who owned this one. She lived down by the sea in Caibarien and I used to go and read the Bible to her, for she was so in the habit of asking the "saints" for things she did not ever pray to God. She was very fond of me and liked me to visit her, but she did not care at all to hear the Bible read. She used to chase the chickens or run to see if the beans were burning so as not to have to listen. I tried to sit up close to her and hold her dress to keep her still and then she would talk about the blue sea before us and the ships sailing out on it.

"Why do you trust to those pictures you have on the wall, Dona Isabel," I would ask, "and not to God?"

"Oh," she would answer, "I trust to them because they do things for me. Why, look at the Santo Nino de Atocha. Once I got a fish bone in my throat and I was nearly choked to death and I prayed to him to take it out and he did. Now, just suppose I should happen to swallow another, and I had given him up, what would become of me?

"And when the Spanish war was going on I promised him to never wear any other kind of a dress but an ugly old blue one if he would only keep my sons from having to fight for the Spanish. And he did. I wore the same kind of a dress eight years so that he would.

"And this is the Virgin de Cobre. Why a long time ago there were three men in a boat rowing in the sea near the Cobre mountains at Santiago de Cuba. A dreadful storm came up and they thought the boat would turn over and they would all

be drowned. So they prayed to the Virgin Mary to save them. And suddenly they saw a woman floating near them in the sea. They worked hard to get her into their boat. And when they were helping her in she changed into a beautiful woman all robed and with a crown on her head full of jewels and she went right up to heaven out of their sight. So they knew that they had seen the Virgin herself, and as the storm immediately ceased they rowed to land, climbed a small mountain near by and built her a chapel. And people soon began going there to take her gifts and pray to her. Her picture is in nearly every home in Cuba. How could I give her up when she is always doing wonderful things for the folks who pray to her?"

And so she seemed wedded to her idols. But one night her house caught fire. A wind was blowing from the sea and soon the frail wooden structure was in a flame.

"Saint Cayetano, save my house!" cried Dona Isabel, wringing her hands. "Virgin de Cobre, help me! Santo Nino de Atocha put out the flames!"

But there was neither voice nor hearing.

A Protestant family lived near by and the mother prayed that the flames might not reach her house and the little children sang hymns and the house did not burn, though the sparks went right that way.

But Dona Isabel went sorrowfully to the house of a daughter, though neighbors had rescued her belongings and saved her "saints" among them.

The next day I went to see a very subdued old lady and she changed the subject when I asked why the "saints" had not answered her prayers. Her faith in them was shaken from that time on and either then or later she took poor Saint Cayetano and gave him such a beating he has never since recovered and I fear he never will.

The rest of the story is too long to tell, but I will give you the end of it. I moved from Caibarien to another town but still heard from time to time of Dona Isabel.

One day the Virgin de Cobre, the Santo Nino de Atocha and the battered San Cayetano were handed to me.

"Grandmother says you can have them," said the grandchild who gave them to me, "for she no longer believes in them."

Her Christian grandchildren had worked faithfully for her, prayed over her and had the joy of seeing her converted.

She held true for months. From habit she would call on the saints and the Virgin but then she would always say:

"Excuse me, God. You know I can't help it, for I didn't know any better for so long I say it before I think."

She kept the Bible on her table and laid hold on all who came to see her and made them read it to her. And when a priest came to the house to confess her sin she would not see him, for she said she had confessed her sins to God.

When she was dying they repeated the twenty-third psalm, and she passed calmly away, turned from idols to serve the living God.

And here you can see San Cayetano whom I send to show you that this is not a made up story, but a true one.

Camajuani, Cuba.

LA PROGRESIVA.

MISS MARGARET DAVIS.

My Dear Boys and Girls:

LAST September were you very, very anxious for school to begin? Some of the Cuban boys and girls who live here in Cardenas and go to our Presbyterian school, 'La Progresiva," were so anxious that they came to see Miss Craig and me as soon as we arrived to say that they wished school would start at once. Now the school is so full that one man said, "If you have no seat for my boy I will bring a chair for him."

Wouldn't you like to visit us for one day? Very well, come down to Key West and take the boat from there to Havana. You will enjoy seeing the thousands of little islands that compose the Florida Keys, and will find the boat trip delightful. You will have to spend the night in Havana, a city of white buildings and narrow streets, so narrow that many of them are not wide enough for cars and coaches to pass each other, so all traffic must be in one direction. The next day you will have a ride of five hours on the train from Havana to Cardenas. There are many beautiful groves and avenues of palms on every side.

Do you like our house, with tiling floors, high ceilings, and bars instead of glass at the windows? And what do you think of a back yard called a patio, made entirely of cement? I don't need to ask what you think of Elisabeth and Anita and Josephine and Robert Wharton—they are as full of

La Progresiva College, Cardenas, Cuba.

fun as any of you and you will want to visit them a long time. Come with them to school and hear them talk Spanish to the Cuban boys and girls. A great many of these boys and girls can talk some English. Even the little first graders can say, "Good morning," and "Good-bye," and can count in English.

If you happen to be here on a saint's day you may see a Catholic procession, such as I saw last Sunday. There are many lighted candles and images of saints. The people do not know that God commanded that He be not worshipped by images. Who can find this command in the Bible? Where is it?

And who can tell why we came to Cuba to teach, instead of staying at home, where it would not be necessary for us to learn a strange new language? I know many boys and girls are ready with the answer—most of the children here have not Christian homes such as you have, and we wish to teach them of Jesus and his love, and of the Bible, which is God's word.

You can help us here in Cuba with your prayers, through your purse, and perhaps in person.

THE TRUE STORY OF A BOY WHO WANTED TO BE A PRIEST.

MISS JANIE EVANS PATTERSON.

ONCE there was a little boy who lived in Caibarien, Cuba. I suppose he was a good little boy—anyway he wanted to be a priest when he grew up. So he stayed in the church a lot and helped the priest with his work.

Now his father was a patriot. While he was trying to make Cuba a free country he was captured by the Spanish soldiers and carried a long way from his dear Cuba. Little Enrique was a patriot too. He had heard his father and lots of other men say,

Girls of Caibarien Day School, Cuba.

"Hurrah for Free Cuba." He liked the sound of it. One day he was standing in the window of his home hurrahing for free Cuba when a Spanish soldier, who was passing, heard him and lifted his gun to shoot him.

Oh, his mother was so frightened. She pulled him away from the window in a hurry and the soldier went on down the street. But she thought some day that soldier will kill my boy when he meets him on the streets. So what do you suppose she

Caibarien Day School.

did? She put her lace shawl over her head and went to make a visit to the American consul. He offered to take Enrique with him to his home in St. Augustine, Fla. His mother was thankful for such a good opportunity to get her boy to a safe place. When she packed his clothes she put in some pictures of saints and told him to be a good boy always and never forget to pray to the saints. He promised that he never would, then kissed his mother good-bye to go away to a new country where even the language was strange to him.

He had not been there long and was just beginning to learn a few words, when one Sunday as he was playing ball in the streets a lady passed and invited him to Sunday-school. He went and liked it, even if he couldn't understand much that was said. So he went again and again. He learned to know and love Jesus and after a while when he learned the second commandment he quit worshipping the pictures of saints.

He was so sorry for his people back home who had never read the Bible and so knew nothing about the second commandment. Now, instead of wanting to be a priest, he wanted to be a preacher and go back home to preach to his own people. Some of the good ladies who knew of his wish helped him to get an education. But for a long time after he became a preacher he couldn't come back to Cuba because the country belonged to Spain and nobody but Catholics were allowed to preach here. So he stayed in Florida and preached to the Cuban refugees there. Sometimes he slipped over to Havana and preached secretly there, but he couldn't do much that way. But at last came the good news that Cuba was free and now he knew that the way was open for him to go home. And so, after such a long time, the little boy (who had grown to be a man with wife and children) had a chance to carry out his wish. So he came back and for nearly 20 years he has preached the gospel from one end of Cuba to the other.

Now at last he is living in his old home town and preaching in a pretty new Presbyterian church.

This is a true story because Mr. Someillan (that is what we call the little boy now) told it to me himself.

JOB LUKUMWENA'S LETTER TO THE BEDINGER BABY.

Luebo, July 1, 1917.

Dear friend Miss Martha Reid Bedinger:

Much compliment to you. I was very glad to get you letter. I am quite well thank you. Now I learn English much, but I want to know I have no teacher, but I help by myself in my lesson. I had very gladness to hear for you friends to come always to you. My dear baby are quit well? I thank God for that my dear baby, someday we seen each other, give her much muoyo. (Muoyo meaning "life" is the Baluba's word of greeting.) Thank you for stamps, I want to see it all day. I to hear said, My friend Mr. Mbote he goes on to journey, he come Back Lusambo or not? I think your all day and remember you love to me I pray for you. I remember that Jesus loves me, he give me much happy in my bed, I laugh all day but I have no think for my sickness, So I know that Jesus loves me. I am so glad that our father in heaven tells of his love in the book he has wonderful things in the bible I see, this is the dearest, that Jesus loves me. I want to sing for my happiness, my heart want to see my savour, But I want to doing worked to prepare my believe well. Tell my friend Mbote much muoyo. Tell all Lusambo muoyo.

Your happy friend,

T. Job Lukumwena to hospital
Luebo Mission.

CHEYA.

MRS. JULIA SMITH BEDINGER.

ONE morning our sentry called our attention to a pitiful looking little girl, she was nearly starved to death. On learning that her mother was dead, her father away working on a river boat, and that she was a little wanderer, we decided to adopt her. At first she made absolutely no response to kind treatment and did not even want to discard her small piece of loin cloth for a little gingham dress. And right then she was shivering in the dampness of that foggy morning. We think she is perhaps not over four years old, and belongs to the Batetela tribe. Cheya did have the habit of going out in the village and sitting close to the fire and always talking with the grown-ups. Last week was the first time we had seen her really playing with other children, a little girl had her down in the sand tickling her and it was gratifying to hear a happy ring in Cheya's laughter. She is too young yet and we've also had her too

short a time to prophesy as to the future, but we believe God had a purpose in bringing her to us.

One of Congoland's greatest needs is Christian womanhood. Sunday-school boys and girls, please remember this little girl, yes, all African children in your prayers.

Lusambo, Congo Belge, Africa.

MUKANDILA.

MRS. JULIA SMITH BEDINGER.

IF you have been spared the pain of seeing some one who was nearly starved to death, you have at least seen pictures of famine sufferers.

Across the river from the Lusambo Mission Station, Mr. Sieg found two little slave brothers. Because neither of them were strong, their heathen owner thought they would never be of much service to him, so was allowing them to slowly starve to death. Their pitiful condition touched Mr. Sieg's heart so he brought them home with him. A State physician examined them (this was before Dr. Kellersberger's arrival here) and said they would both die and the older boy did. Kind treatment and nourishing food have gradually made a new child of Mukandila. He is a quiet, sober faced little boy but of late has begun running and playing with the village children. Now he knows a few letters and can count some, he looks to be about six years old. Reader, won't you join us in the prayer that he will grow up to be a strong Christian leader among his tribe, the Balubas?

Lusambo. Congo Belge, Africa.

Mukandila, the boy, standing, in his dress of native cloth. Cheya seated.

JUNIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1917.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

TOPIC: CUBA.

Song—Joy to the World.
Scripture Reading—Luke 2:9-14.
Prayer—For the children of Cuba and the work that is being done for them.
Minutes.
Roll Call—Answer with the name of a station in Cuba.
Collection Song.
Offering.
Business.
Recitation—How Can You Help?
Story—How Lucia Made Her New Home.
Some Facts About Cuba.
Prayer.
Song—Precious Jewels.
Close with the Mizpah Benediction.

SUGGESTIONS.

Let this meeting be filled with the spirit of Christmas in its truest meaning. Impress the children with the fact that Christ came as a free gift to all the world.

Let the facts about Cuba be read or recited by the different members of the Band.

The Leader should give a brief history of Cuba, and the beginning of our mission work there.

The stories in the Junior Department of the current issue of the Survey might be substitutes for the story given in the program.

Review the children on our work in Cuba.

CROWDED OUT.

ROSALIE M. JONAS.

Crowded Out.

Nobody ain't Christmas shoppin'
Fur his stockin';
Nobody ain't cotch no turkey,
Nobody ain't bake no pie,
Nobody's laid nuthin' by;
Santa Claus don't cut no figger
Fur his mammy's little nigger.

Seem lak everybody's rushin'
An' er crushin',
Crowdin' shops and jammin' trolleys,
Buyin' shoes and shirts and toys
Fur the white folks' girls and boys;
But no hobby horse ain't rockin'
Fur his little wore-out stockin'.

He ain't quar'lin, recollec'—
He don't expec'
Nuthin'—it's his not expectin'
Makes his mammy wish, O laws!
Fur er nigger Santy Claus,
Totin' jus' er toy balloon
Fur his mammy's little coon.

—*Everyland.*

CAP'N PRATT'S CHRISTMAS.

MRS. TILLIE JOHNSON.

KRISMUS gif', pappy! Krismus gif', mammy! Krismus gif', everybody!" 'Twas Cap'n Pratt's cheery voice calling out from his trundle bed early Christmas morning. "I cotch you an' you—"

But what else he said no one heard, for the whole crowd of children began shouting at the top of their voices: "Krismus gif'! Krismus gif'!" till the clamor was deafening. "Ef you don't stop dat racket, I'll gib you some Krismus you won't like," growled their father from his bed in the corner. "Pappy's" Christmas had begun the night before over a whiskey jug, leaving him with a headache and a bad temper in consequence.

Their enthusiasm quite subdued for a time at least, the children joined their mother who had gone out a short while before, and was seated on the crib door step.

"Mammy ain't got much Krismus fur her children. I 'lowed to gin you a apple apiece, but atter yo' pappy pay fur his jug he ain't got no money lef'. I sont Lawyer Jones to de sto' wid six eggs and got you all a stick o' candy apiece. Take dat now an' run an' play out in de road case yo' pappy ain't feelin' well."

Mammy and the older sisters busied themselves with breakfast; and as it was Christmas they were to have "flour bread" instead of the usual corn hoe cake. Two unbeaten eggs and one cup of sugar were added to the recipe for making biscuit, the whole made quite stiff and molded by hand into biscuit nearly the size of an ordinary baseball, and which felt and looked almost as hard when baked in the big skillet on the fireplace. Two of these and a huge sweet potato roasted in the ashes constituted the Christmas breakfast, which was munched with great satisfaction by the family as they scattered about with both hands full.

By this time the neighbors had gathered and the house was full of a noisy crowd, which talked loud and laughed louder as the contents of the jug decreased.

"Uncle Ned," a distant relative of the family, was visiting in the neighborhood, and asked that Cap'n Pratt might go home with him to spend a few days with him and "Aunt Sukey." Uncle Ned lived only a mile from the mission school where Cap'n Pratt had enjoyed his first Thanksgiving, and their united pleas resulted in Cap'n Pratt's being perched behind Uncle Ned on

his faithful old mule and trotting off in great glee.

"Dey gwine hab a Krismus tree at de schoolhouse to-night, Cap'n Pratt," said Uncle Ned as they rode along, "an' me an' yo Aunt Sukey gwine; want to go 'long, too?"

"I ain't never seed no Krismus tree. What's it like?"

"You jes wait an' see fur yo'self, son. It's sech a purty sight I can't tell you about it."

"Here, Sukey, come out and see who I got here," called Uncle Ned as they rode up to the gate of his cabin home.

Aunt Sukey came out as fast as her two hundred pounds would allow and seeing Cap'n Pratt, almost lifted him up in her arms. "La chil', I ain't seed none o' yo folks in nigh three years; an' how you is growed, Cap'n Pratt! How's yo mammy an' pappy gittin' on?"

Before he could answer, Uncle Ned came in, saying that as it was late and they had to walk, they must start at once for the schoolhouse or they could not get a seat.

"Here's a snack I got ready fur you, cause I thought you might be late; there's enough fur you an' Cap'n Pratt, too. Come right on an' you can eat it on de road."

When they looked through the wide open door of the mission, Cap'n Pratt almost held his breath with astonishment. A large cedar tree sparkling with tiny candles stood in the far end on the platform, and on its branches hung all sorts of pretty things. They were scarcely seated before a chorus of happy-faced children began to sing, "Merry, Merry Christmas Everywhere." This was followed by speeches and more singing, all about a baby born in Bethlehem's manger, and angels and Christmas stars; and little Cap'n Pratt heard and understood for the first time that we celebrate Christmas because God gave His only Son, the dearest gift ever bestowed on man.

Then they told of the way the day should be observed, by deeds of love to others, and that it should never be spent in drinking and carousing, as so many do. Cap'n Pratt was thinking, and somehow it seemed to him there was something wrong about the way pappy and the other deacons and the preachers went from house to house drinking.

"Look yonder, Cap'n Pratt," whispered Uncle Ned. "Look comin' in at de do'. Dat's Santa Claus."

"Oh," Cap'n Pratt only made out to gasp. He could hardly believe his eyes! But his astonishment and delight knew no bounds when one of the teachers put a bag of candy and a pretty scrap book in his arms, saying, "This is Cap'n Pratt, isn't it? You were here Thanksgiving, and you are coming to school in January. I will be your teacher, I guess, and I shall be glad to have you for one of my scholars."

Cap'n Pratt's bright eyes were glistening with thankful, happy tears.

"Uncle Ned," he whispered, "ain't God good to give us all these nice things? An' he gives us Jesus, too—all for a Christmas present. I'm gwine to tell pappy and Dink and Soda all about it when I git home, an' I ain't never, no, never, gwine to git a jug when I'm big."

Note: The author of this little story is a missionary among her own people at Miller's Ferry, Ala. It is taken from a little book, "Cap'n Pratt," published by the Woman's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church.—Lit. Ed.

HERE'S THE DIFFICULTY: A friend of the *Missionary Survey*, who has formerly rounded up renewals and gotten new subscriptions, writes as follows:

> "Sorry, but I cannot canvass this time of the year. My time is taken up with needle work and not until after Christmas will my time be my own. It is utterly impossible to get a living soul to attend to this work."

We appreciate this loyal friend's situation, but isn't it too bad that she cannot find a "Living Soul" in that community to help in the work of getting the *Missionory Survey* circulated and read?

It takes a Living Soul to do it.

If there is one thing needed more than another, to put the *Missionary Survey* on its wonted plane of usefulness, it is the Living Soul in each congregation who is willing to make it the "this one thing I do!"—one who will make the *Missionary Survey* a study, not only for his or her own information, but in order that others may thereby be induced to *read* the magazine.

What a ministry is here! And the *Survey* is grateful to say that it has in some congregations just such Living Souls, but oh, how rare they are. Perhaps there are going to be more. Dear Reader, wouldn't you like to be our connecting link with the missionary pulse of your congregation? Would you like the satisfaction of seeing the missionary vision—the missionary opportunity—the missionary triumph come to those about you through your intelligent and consecrated efforts in a service of this kind?

Write to us and we will show you how.

THE MISSIONARY SURVEY.

JUNIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1917.

Prepared by Eleanora Andrews Berry

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

Gold, sweet frankincense and myrrh,
Dear Jesus, we would bring to you
As did the wise men long ago,
Thus to show our love is true.

But thus saith the Lord of hosts,
"The silver and the gold are mine,"
So when we offer you bright gold
We but render what is thine.

Sweet frankincense we then must bring,
Its fragrance tells of loving deeds,
As in thy dear name we may
Strive to help thy brother's needs.

And our sorrows, too, we bring,
Myrrh, the bitter with the sweet,
Thou canst make them blessings, too.
If we lay them at thy feet.

OUR GIFTS TO JESUS.

1. Hymn—Luther's Cradle Hymn.
2. Prayer—Of thanks for God's Gift of gifts, and that we may give him first of all ourselves, and that he will guide us in our gifts to him at this time.
3. The Story of the Wise Men—Matt. 2:1-11.
4. Recitation—Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.
5. Hymn—Little Stars.
   Gold and Frankincense.
6. Christmas from Many Lands in Our Land.
7. Recitation—Crowded Out.
8. Cap'n Pratt's Christmas.
9. Christmas Offering.
10. Where Shall We Bestow Our Offerings This Year?
11. Recitation—God's Gifts.
12. Hymn—O Little Town of Bethlehem.
13. Prayer—That we may offer to Jesus our gifts, not forgetting that while we can give him our love, our service, our lives, we can only return to him his money.

Notes:

6. Articles in Senior Department of Christmas at Ensley, New Orleans, Atlanta, Taylor, Texas, and at Mountain Orphanage.

8. Have this story told, if possible, instead of read.

10. Transaction of business of Christian offerings.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "More bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him, like them of yore;
Alas, he seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

But they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Rev. S. L. Morris, D. D., Editor, Miss Eleanora A. Berry, Literary Editor.
Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

THE HEART OF WOMAN.

At the founding of the *Home Mission Herald*, ten years ago, we devoted the entire month of December to the work of our consecrated women; and during all the time intervening since 1907 the December number of that magazine, and later the Home Mission Department of the Missionary Survey, have been assigned to that specific object. The women of the Church in their missionary societies and in their individual capacity have been such loyal and staunch friends of our great home missionary operations, as well as of other phases of church work, that we feel constrained to pay tribute to their work.

In the highest perfection of her character and attainments it is not "according to the eternal fitness of things" that she should be often a leader of men; but at the same time few grand enterprises were ever undertaken or carried to success without the assisting hand of woman. To Columbus is due the honor of the discovery which has changed the map of the world, affected the destiny of nations, and which has revolutionized the habits and thoughts of men; but it was a woman who sacrificed her jewels and luxuries to equip him for the voyage. No wonder it has been said: "Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus for whose furnishing some Isabella in the form of his mother, sister, or wife, lays down her jewelry, her vanity and her comforts." Woman ever helps to equip man for the voyage of life; and he is most successful in his ventures when she stands by his side as inseparable as the Siamese Twins.

Beyond all comparison she figures as a most potent factor in the cause of Christ and the Church, and the work of her hands stands as a permanent monument throughout the ages. It was a woman who broke her alabaster vase and poured its precious contents on the head of the Master, to whom he gave the highest encomium of praise, "She hath done what she could." Her monument is more precious than diamond, more enduring than brass, as imperishable as the everlasting gospel. The Parthenon is destroyed, the Coliseum in ruins, and the Alhambra crumbling; but this monument of woman's love will stand when the Pyramids are scattered by the winds of the desert: "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world this also that she hath done shall be spoken for a memorial to her."

It may be God has not created her with the wisdom of man nor endowed her with his strength, and so she may be properly designated the "weaker vessel," but He has enriched her with more heart and irresistible influence. Her heart is a match for his head, and her influence can cope with his strength. Her opportunity may be inferior to his, and her sphere more limited, not being permitted by the Master to advocate his cause in the pulpit. But she fills every place in Christian work except the pulpit; and it may be when the history of redemption is fully written, and the books are opened and the rewards of fidelity and activity are meted out according to their works, it will then be revealed that the so-called "weaker vessel" has far outstripped her competitor and won the highest awards in the race of life, as the associate of her husband, the helpmeet of men, the educator of her race, a most potent factor in the uplifting of humanity, and the most faithful servant of the Church and of Christ.

GOD'S GIFTS.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

God gave the world His Son; and he was known
For God's own Son, because he took the throne
Of perfect love, that seeketh not her own;
And freely giving, as to him was given
Made love on earth commune with love in heaven.

A perfect gift thy Father gives to thee—
Thyself, with all thy powers. Yet all will be
Imperfect, weak and in captivity,
Till thou, His child, give all thyself away
To God and to thy Brother, day by day.

WORK AMONG COLORED PEOPLE IN NEWTON COUNTY.

MRS. F. L. ALLEN.

IT was recently my privilege to hear a sermon preached by Rev. C. B. Scott, of Heidelberg, Mississippi, the faithful pastor of a weak colored Presbyterian church near our home, and being much interested, it has seemed that I must give my impressions of this glimpse I have had of the splendid work being done by our beloved Church in the South for the colored people.

Rev. C. B. Scott and his wife.

This man was born at Pontotoc, Mississippi, and was educated at Stillman Institute, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, having remained there five years. His work is widely scattered, as he serves five churches: Heidelberg Second, Fairview at Waldrop, Pilgrim Grove, near Newton, Ellisville Second, and Oakgrove at McLaurin, Mississippi. He travels seventy miles a month by private conveyance to serve the little church of fifteen members here and he has been preaching to them sixteen years.

That his people here have a great affection for him as well as confidence in him is evidenced by the long term of years he has labored among them, and also by the fact that when he offered his resignation they refused to release him.

The sermon we heard was from the text John 11:29: 'Take ye away the stone." He gave some practical thoughts on the various hindrances we encounter in leading a Christian life, represented by indifference, prejudice and unbelief. He showed that he was sound as to Presbyterian teaching, as he alluded to our doctrines and quoted from the Shorter Catechism in the course of his remarks.

One of his flock, a girl of fifteen years, memorized the Shorter Catechism in the course of five weeks and recited it to him, for which she received a diploma from the *Christian Observer* and a Bible from the Committee of Publication.

There is no estimating the good accomplished by these humble faithful messengers of the precious gospel among these poor of the earth. May we each and everyone realize our individual responsibility as to the needs of our colored brother, and do our part in providing him with the bread of life.

Newton, Miss.

TWO CONFERENCES AT STILLMAN INSTITUTE.

By L. A. DeYampert.

ONE of the most interesting occasions at Stillman Institute, Tuscaloosa, Ala., during the past year was the annual Bible Conference at the close of the school term there last May, when a large delegation of our colored ministers and ruling elders met for the purpose of organizing the Snedecor Memorial Synod and to spend several days in studying the best methods for the extension of the cause of Christ in the several localities from which they had come.

There were two very promising young men who graduated from the theological department from the institute and the personnel of the student body was very commendable, and gave evidence of the splendid instruction given by the faithful teachers there who are bending every effort to make Stillman one of the very best institutions for ministerial training for our colored youth, with an industrious hand and a willing heart.

We were delighted to have at our conference Dr. Morris, our secretary of Home Missions, and also Dr. A. A. Little with Rev. John Little and Rev. D. D. Little, who were appointed to assist or counsel in the organization of the proposed Synod. We were very grateful for their timely counsel and words of encouragement regarding the extension of the work at Stillman Institute. The Bible study and all the discussions and instruction regarding the best accomplishment of our work were very beneficial and the conference closed in time for several of us to attend the General Assembly at Birmingham as delegates from the different Presbyteries. The kind provision made by the Home Mission Board for the expenses of these annual Bible Conferences is greatly appreciated, and our reunion in conference at Stillman each year cannot but bring a great blessing to all who attend, and in turn to those among whom we labor.

The second conference for colored women, which was held at Stillman Institute, September 1st-8th, has been a decided success, as was the first one that was held one year ago at the same place.

The faithful efforts of Mrs. Winsborough, the kind superintendent of Woman's Auxiliary, and the liberal interest of so many of the white ladies of local societies contributing to the expenses and paying the fare of delegates to the Women's Conference at Stillman cannot be too highly appreciated and finds expression in the earnest assemblage of representative women capable of leadership from many of our cities and rural districts. Practical subjects were discussed relative to the home training of the children, the conservation of food, helpful plans for community work and all the various problems pertaining to the advancement of our people both temporal and spiritual.

The conference for women just closed at Stillman was attended by representatives from twenty-five cities and towns throughout six States. The program presented a large range of subjects, such as "Home-Making," "Punishment of Children," "Negro Immortals," "Conservation of Food," "Imagination and Untruthfulness," "Africa," "Quiet Talks About Our Problems," "Amusements," "What Make a Good Mother," and other topics of interest.

The practical talks of Mrs. Huckabee on "Home-Making and the Conservation of Food" were very timely, and the "Religious Training of the Children," as discussed by Mrs. Little, of Louisville, was very helpful.

The delegates reported much work done in their various communities as the results of inspiration and help received at the last conference, and we are hoping that each conference will be followed up by effective work in each locality from which the delegates may come.

Thus our two conferences at Stillman Institute are proving effective, and may they long continue annually for both our men and women workers.

Very sincerely,

(By one of the Attendants) L. A. D.

A CHRISTMAS ON BEAN CREEK.

Rev. J. K. Coit.

BEAN CREEK is one of several streams which help to swell the crystal Chattahoochee in the heart of Nacoochee Valley. Up this little stream, a mile from "The Valley" proper is a negro settlement, which takes its name from the stream. Among our negro neighbors here you may find to-day some most refreshing remnants

of the old ante-bellum types. Some of the ancient uncles and aunties on Bean Creek still firmly believe "dat de Valley white folks still belongs to dem," and their white friends are glad to have it so.

The Bean Creek negroes have their church and school buildings. They are blessed with an able, God-fearing school teacher. "Teacher Brown," as the white folks call him, is well equipped for his humble ministry, being a Harvard graduate and a former teacher of higher mathematics at Tuskegee Institute. He is among the first of his race to realize the great importance of the rural school, and gave up a splendid position as a teacher and public speaker in order to work among this small group of negroes, representing the millions of rural negro Americans in the South. Nacoochee keeps her eye and hand on Teacher Brown. He tells his people that no negro can ever reach any permanent achievement except some able white friend guide him. His spirit of humility is striking and beautiful.

One of the great annual occasions at Nacoochee is the Christmas tree on Bean Creek. Christmas Eve itself is usually reserved for it. The day arrives, and about four o'clock in the afternoon the institute party starts. In a big box on the rear of our "buckboard" the name of each school child is securely fastened to some simple article, usually a bit of clothing from the institute boxes—picture books, cards, toys, rag dolls for the babies. The writer has often wished that the friends who make our Christmas possible could share in some of the joys of actual distribution. Please do this by faith, for it is a very real experience.

Mammy still bears her share of "Her White Folks" burden.

Reaching the place we find the big trees waiting. Our workers are provided with all sorts of shiny things, bells, candles, strung popcorn and such decorations. The windows are darkened and soon all is ready. The doors are opened, and in comes, in most orderly fashion, the whole of Bean Creek—from the ancient ante-bellum aunties to the babies in arms.

Teacher Brown with a few words of welcome turns the occasion over to "our good white friends," and the program starts. First a song, then a prayer, then the Scripture recitations by the school. All ages recite several psalms, gospel selections, favorite quotations, and last the entire account of the birth of Jesus. One of the inspirational experiences of the year is hearing the negro children recite the word of God.

Then more singing. Have you ever heard the real negro melodies? For half an hour we are carried into an entirely different world.

"De city of refuge, O yes—
An you better run to de city of refuge."

"O de shelf behin' de door,
De shelf behin' de door,
Tear it down, throw it out,
Don't use it any more—
For Jesus wants his temple clean
From ceiling to de floor.
He even wants dat shelf tuck down,
De shelf behin' de door."

"Yes, I want to be like Jesus in my heart,
In my heart,
Yes, I want to be like Jesus in my heart."

This is the song that so stirred the Birmingham General Assembly. We of Nacoochee know the experience—no cheap attempt to imitate but the deep genuine outpouring of the real negro's real negro soul.

This reaches its climax in the closing song, which is always, "O How I Love Jesus," and we find tears hard to restrain, and wish we might quietly slip away to our closets and pray instead of descending to a Christmas tree.

CHRISTMAS IN CHINATOWN.

MISS ANNA CREEVY.

BE sure and come to the Christmas tree at the mission on Wednesday, the 27th, from two to four. Mamma must come, too, and papa, if he can." This was the oft-repeated message to "our children."

Our 1916 Christmas weather was not all that could be desired, but on that Wednesday the showers were few and far between, so the rain kept no one at home—and we were all ready for our guests.

Lee Git rushed in very early, to avoid a shower, so he partook of the midday meal with us. "My mamma is too busy to come, she must wash." Later came Lee How.

In little groups they arrived. Five Fongs—from tall Shu Come to little Shu May—two Wongs, smiling Mrs. Hinata, with her three little "cherry blossom" daughters, Yuki, Toshi and Kiyo, little Mrs. Yin from "way uptown," with wee baby Catherine and two-year-old Beatrice in charge of a teacher. Gee Lin Ho was the only representative of her family, as there was sickness at home. Four little Bings, their mamma and auntie were prevented from coming by the placard, "Measles in this house." Bow Wing and Bow Sie with their mother and their two baby sisters. Mrs. Lee York with round-faced, bright-eyed little Yoke Lin, who has learned to say "thank you," and some other words in the few weeks she has been in New Orleans. Mrs. Lee Wah with baby Lee On, who was born in Seattle, very soon after his parents landed there from China. Can you count the children?

A few friends came to assist, and one busy teacher used her lunch time to take some pictures, which will give you a very faint idea of how pretty things looked. We just cannot find it in our hearts to frighten our dear guests (little and big) with a flashlight, so must do the best we can.

Soon the children were marching all around our large school room. There were recitations, singing, a story, a prayer, and then all were seated, to partake of cake, candy, "lichee," some of the mandarin oranges you can see in the picture, and tea served from a teapot closely fitting into a lined and wadded straw basket, where the tea keeps hot for hours; it is drunk (without milk or sugar) from small, handleless cups that look like bowls. Then each child present received one of the gifts you can see in the picture, and "Miss Louise's Primaries" had a gift from her.

You may be sure the absent ones were not forgotten.

Then wraps were donned, good-byes said as the little group left, and soon the Christmas tree of 1916 had changed from a reality to a pleasant memory. These little ones can take the gospel message to the hearts of their parents, and it was of the children the Saviour said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

New Orleans, La.

Chinese children like the same toys American children do.

CHRISTMAS IN "LITTLE ITALY."

REBECCA C. PAINTER.

"Merry, merry Christmas
To each one here we say,
Lift your hearts in thankfulness,
Christ is born to-day."

So sang the children of the kindergarten and primary room of the Italian Presbyterian Mission as they greeted their mothers and a few visitors on Friday, December 22nd.

Then came, "Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem," followed by a prayer in Italian by Mr. Mastrotto. Miss DuBose's room gave the Christmas story in the words of the Bible—and did it well, and Mr. Washburn made a prayer in English.

"Joy to the World," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" and "Ring the Bells of Christmas" followed. This ended the little service.

When Santa put in his appearance he was greeted by vigorous hand-clapping from sixty little pairs of hands. These hands were soon filled with candy, an orange and either a doll or a skate. Before all sixty were supplied there began to be a call of "I want one," but can you blame them? They were so good during the time before the exercises began—not offering to touch the dolls, which were temptingly near the little tots seated around the tree.

The tree was attractive with its festoons of Spanish moss from Florida, cotton snow and silvery decorations.

Could those who helped make this Christmas possible have seen the crowded room, the children, mothers, babies, have felt the quietness which fell upon them when the piano called to order, have heard the songs, the Bible verses, the clapping and last, but by no means least, the noise after the presents were distributed, they would have felt it was most assuredly worth while.

Ensley, Ala.

A MISSIONARY CHRISTMAS.

REV. WALTER S. SCOTT.

A MISSIONARY Christmas! Yes, why not? Could we please him in any better way, at the celebration of his birth than by making use of the Christmas festival to win souls and promote his kingdom in the hearts of men?

The entertainment held last December by the Mexican Presbyterian church of Taylor, Texas, was truly a missionary Christmas, as many of the entertainments held among the Mexicans are.

Many of the unconverted Mexicans will attend a wedding or a Christmas entertainment in our places of worship who could not be induced to attend a preaching service; so that we do well at these occasions to endeavor to sow the seed of the saving gospel in their hearts.

The night was clear and warm; we had all the doors and windows open. Our meeting place was crowded, the hallway was full, and there were people all about the house looking and listening through the windows. We must have had two hundred and fifty Mexican people present, which, for the size of the Mexican population hereabouts, would be equivalent to three thousand five hundred in such cities as San Antonio and El Paso, or the tenth of the Mexican population!

Christmas decorations in a Texas-Mexican Church.

The hall was tastefully decorated. There was a large cedar tree in each corner back of the platform, hung with tinsel and bright colored, paper ornaments. On the wall between the two trees, on a dark background, in large, shining letters, all read the Christmas greeting: "Feliz Navidad." At the front of the platform were three arches, the middle one larger than the other two, and these also were prettily decorated with paper ornaments. The dolls, toys and prettiest gifts were hung from these arches, and this was all lit up with electric lights. It presented a most pleasing effect.

We had the usual—and the unusual—recitations, dialogues and songs, most of these original, prepared by one of our members. Mexicans are fond of reciting and acting, as well as singing, and some of the children have remarkable memories.

Then a sermonette was preached. Just think of a sermon at a Christmas festival! An invitation was extended to those who wished to accept Christ as their Saviour and join the church. Several responded. Four made public profession of their faith and united with our church. All four knelt and solemnly received baptism, while the entire audience stood!

One of the four, a man who had formerly led a wicked life, asked permission to speak. Much to our surprise, he made a splendid talk, in the course of which he took occasion, very feelingly, to confess and deplore the way he had ill-treated his

mother, who was present, and who had joined the church some time before. When he addressed himself to her, and begged her forgiveness, it brought tears to many in the audience, and the man's sister was so overcome by it that she had a fainting spell!

More like a camp meeting than a Christmas festival, you would say, perhaps. Yes, but the kingdom for which the Christmas entertainment should stand, made progress that night! This man's conversion has been a triumph for the cause of the true gospel in this community.

When the time came to distribute the two hundred and fifty little sacks of fruit and candy and the more than one hundred gifts, neither the children nor the grown people were any the less happy by reason of the religious aspect of the entertainment. I know our members were the happier.

Another touching incident of this entertainment that made a salutary impression on the minds of many was the case of another of the four new members, a young woman whom the writer had known in her infancy, some fourteen or fifteen years before in another, distant field. She had gone to Mexico on a visit, and while there her father died here at Taylor. It was a sad home-coming for her when she returned a few days before Christmas, but her sorrow helped her to accept her father's Saviour, and she decided to join the church at the first opportunity. So Sussie gave herself that night to her Redeemer as her Christmas gift to him at our missionary Christmas!

Taylor, Texas.

CHRISTMAS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN FROM CHRISTMAS LAND.

MISS BARBARA E. LAMBDIN.

"WE'S all 'Mericans here 'cept them two, and they's Jews."

A wildly happy, jostling crowd was gathering in front of the "Syrian Sunday-school" in Atlanta, on a bright sunshiny day just before Christmas last year, and this was the surprising answer that greeted the visitor's question, "Are you all Syrians?" A teacher laughingly explained that none of the children consider themselves foreigners—they are all "Americans."

Word had gone like wildfire through the Syrian Colony, since the announcement the Sunday before that the Sabbath school was invited to the annual "Agnes Scott Christmas tree." The throng assembled indicated that not many would miss the treat. Upstairs, too, in the mission rooms there were others—little toddlers, and beautiful black-eyed babies in the arms of their mothers. Indeed, the visitor soon was installed as temporary nurse for one little fellow all too early turned out of his rightful place by his tiny successor!

The street car company had furnished a car, without charge, which Miss Helen Burbank, then in charge of the work, said must have been in answer to prayer, for they had no money to pay for transporting the children the eight miles from Atlanta to Decatur. Both the motorman and the conductor entered into the enjoyment of the occasion; and indeed the trip is one to be remembered, especially the uproarious joy of the return, when horns, "sparklers" oranges and candy mingle in one glad memory!

The Agnes Scott Student Committee had planned the first treat as "a feast of reason," and the guests were received in one of the society halls, where there were several recitations, including, of course, "The Night Before Christmas," which gave a delightful foretaste of what was to follow.

Then came the invitation to the "Gym." Here the large, glistening Christmas tree in the darkened room was a lovely sight, intensely enjoyed by the beauty-loving Orientals. When old "Santa" added his genial presence to the scene, the outburst of joy was spontaneous.

The reverend saint, in the course of some admonitory and facetious remarks, was interrupted by one youthful doubter, who asked: "What's my name? Tell me, what's my name?" only to be abashed and silenced by Santa's reply: "Well, here's a little boy

Americans in the making. They all went to the Christmas Tree.

who doesn't know his name; will someone tell him?" No more questions being asked of the wise old fellow, he began at once the distribution of the piles and piles of gifts.

Much loving thought had been exercised in their selection, and every gift was appropriate to the age and sex of the recipient. There were rattlers and balls, fuzzy dogs and unbreakable dolls for the babies; dishes, dolls, carriages and kitchens for the girls; and penknives, horns, games, books and balls for the boys. Besides these generous presents, there were gay bags of candy, oranges and apples for the little guests. Nor was this all! An abundance of ice-cream in cones, and cake, big slices, had been provided for each and everyone.

How is all this accomplished, and how did the custom begin, for this is the third year that this famous Southern college has been a munificent hostess to its Syrian guests? Three years ago, and before the establishment of the Syrian work, the Agnes Scott Y. W. C. A. desired to be sponsor for the Christmas happiness of some young people less fortunate. They consulted Rev. G. R. Buford, Atlanta's beloved apostle to the poor, then assistant pastor of the Central Presbyterian church. As many Syrian children attended the Central Sunday-school, Mr. Buford immediately thought of his little charges, and suggested a tree for them. Girls, when aroused, do nothing by halves, and the little folks were given the time of their lives by a tree of their very own out at the college. So the Syrian Christmas tree has become an annual affair, enjoyed as much by the students as their ecstatic guests.

Many of the Agnes Scott girls, by agreement, instead of exchanging gifts among themselves, invest the money in the Christmas tree and presents for the children. The refreshments are the result of self-denial on the part of the entire student body and faculty, who on this day do without dessert that ice-cream, cake and fruit may be served these Syrian guests.

Do you wonder that the "Agnes Scott tree" is looked forward to throughout the year by the Syrian Colony? It is one of the brightest spots in their sombre lives, and has done much to win friends for the Atlanta Presbyterian Mission.

Nor was the Christmas tree at Agnes Scott the only feature of the Syrian Christmas. On Thursday night following Christmas, an entertainment was given by the Syrian children, for the Syrian Colony, young and old. The only American participating was Rev. Ralph Carson, formerly a missionary in Egypt, who told the Christmas story in Arabic, that the older people, who are not entirely familiar with the American language, might hear the sweet message in their own tongue.

A little bag of candy and an orange was given to everyone present, young and old, and the "Sunday-school" has ever since had a deeper place in the hearts of the people.

As most of the Syrians are Roman and Greek Catholics, they resent the idea of a mission among them, but are very proud to have a "Syrian Sunday-school" which they can claim as their own.

WITH THE ALABAMA INDIANS AT CHRISTMAS.

DOROTHY CHAMBERS.

CHRISTMAS is a happy time at the Alabama Indian village.

Until I was fourteen years of age I was never away from the village at Christmas, and as the Indian children were my friends and playmates, my point of view was not very different from theirs.

From the time that school opened in the fall we could generally tell just how many days it was until Christmas. About the time we began practising our Christmas songs an Indian man would drive up to the church and unload a box and perhaps a barrel of clothing to be distributed during the holidays. Sometimes we had six or eight boxes, and then we knew that everybody would get something, but sometimes no boxes came.

I was allowed to help unpack the boxes and arrange the clothing for distribution if I would promise not to ask for anything. Once when I was about four years old there was a pretty red coat with my name on it right in the middle of a barrel.

We assorted the garments and spread them out on the benches. The church officers and some of the women assisted in trying on and fitting the clothing. Many of the Indians would never have a warm coat if it were not given to them.

Often there were books and toys, but never enough of those for all the children until five or six years ago, when the Indian children and I saw our first Christmas tree.

Last Christmas we assembled at the church for eleven o'clock service, after which we had our dinner together on rough tables under trees from which the Spanish moss droops nearly to the ground. The day was mild and practically the whole tribe

of two hundred were present. We had no turkey or cranberry sauce, no plum puddings or pound cake, but there was bread and meat enough for all, and a variety of other food, for some of which there is no name in English.

In the afternoon we had the most beautiful tree I ever saw. It was a holly, decorated beautifully and containing gifts for all up to seventeen years of age. The presents last year came from the young people of the Orange church, and were very nice indeed. Mother sent the names and ages of all the children to Miss Chapman, and she gave the names out to the young people who prepared the presents. When the tree was ready the children stood under it, and I sat at the baby organ and we sang several songs. Father prayed and mother told the Christmas story and explained how and why the gifts had been sent to them. The presents were distributed and everybody was given a bag of candy by Santa Claus, impersonated by an Indian man and especially enjoyed by old and young.

Sometimes the Indian boys get whiskey and then we are all sorry, but the older men assure us that Christmas is a far happier time than it was before the Indians became Christians. They say that all the men and some of the women got drunk and yelled and fought all day; that the children often had to hide in the woods, and were cold and hungry. Now, even when the children have no Christmas gifts, they visit and play around great fires of pitch pine and seem very happy.

Every coat came out of a Christmas box.

What shall we do for the Indians next Christmas? Mother and the older people would say our greatest need is clothing, but the children and I would be, oh, so glad if we could have another tree.

Kiam, Texas.

THE OLDEST NAME FOR OUR YOUNGEST ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. EDGAR TUFTS.

ISN'T it queer that the youngest Orphans' Home in our Church should have a name that is more suggestive of old age than any of the others? But if you should visit the Grandfather Orphans' Home you would not find any very old people in it. Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb are in the prime of life. Miss Agnes Query and her sister, Miss Kate, are young and active. These four grown people have thirty-six children, and they are not satisfied. They want fifty, and I suspect that by the time this letter is published they will have this many.

Grandfather Mountain.

The only Grandfather that the most of these children know is thousands of years old. In the winter when the snow and frost settle down on everything in the mountains his head gets as white as snow can make it. His hair is a great forest of balsam firs. His face is a mighty rock. A few years ago, he had his picture taken and gave me one. Like a great many old people he has become childish and he is right proud of his picture. I am, therefore, going to send it along with this little account of the Orphans' Home so that all who read these words can see his face.

For thousands of years this wrinkled stone face has been looking across a little valley that lies at his feet toward the north star.

Now, if you will walk around this huge mountain you will see another face of Grandfather. This one is very different from the one in the picture. It looks like an old man lying on his back with his face turned towards heaven, as if asking a father's blessing upon the children in the valley below. This face is six thousand feet above the sea and over two miles long.

I wish that I could tell you as much about each one of the children in this home as I have about the great big Grandfather Mountain, for whom the home is named. Nearly all of them have looked upon and heard of this mountain all the days of their lives. The name was, therefore, familiar to them before they came, whether they ever had a real grandfather or not.

But I must tell you about what a good time the children of this home had last Christmas. They did not have a Christmas tree as they did the year before. But they all had stockings, which were filled full of good things by old Santa Claus. Candy, and nuts, and raisins, and oranges, and toys for everyone. Not only so, but some good, kind friends wrote several weeks ahead for the names and the ages of everyone, and when Christmas Day came there was a suitable and serviceable present for everyone. We were also glad that the grown people in the home were not forgotten.

Already the children are beginning to count the days when Christmas will come again. We hope that it will bring as much joy and happiness to the old Grandfather and his children as it did last year.

Banner Elk, N. C.

IS A MISSION STUDY CLASS EVER "IMPOSSIBLE?"

WE have been studying "The Living Christ for Latin America" this summer, and hope to take up "The Task That Challenges" next.

We are so separated here in country, the distance so far for some of the ladies to come, that the only time we can very well have a goodly number in our class is just after Sunday-school hour, for fifteen or twenty minutes while the men are having prayer meeting before the preaching service, hence it takes a long time to finish a text book."

If you have not yet arranged for your study of "The Task That Challenges," begin now to plan for it. It is being more widely used than any book ever studied by our societies, and the first edition of five thousand copies was sold out by the middle of October. No society can afford to miss this opportunity of learning of conditions as they now exist in our own land.

CAN YOU TELL.

1. What colored minister seems to stress Presbyterianism and the Shorter Catechism?
2. What name among our white ministers seems to be closely linked with Christian work for negroes?
3. How is one mountain school "neighbor" to its humble friends?
4. In what way is it possible to reach with the gospel message Mexicans who will not come to church service?
5. What example of Christmas spirit and self-denial does one splendid college set?
6. What difference has Christianity made in Christmas for Indian children?
7. What is the only Grandfather most of the children at one of our Homes have ever known?
8. At what Christmas entertainment were most attractive "sounding" refreshments served?
9. How does one society solve the problem of a suitable time for their mission study class?

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS FOR ASSEMBLY'S HOME MISSIONS. APRIL TO OCTOBER 31, 1917.

	1917	1916
Churches	$ 54,468 28	$ 48,163 44
Sabbath Schools	2,723 70	2,959 07
Missionary Societies	6,516 13	5,632 97
Miscellaneous	24,502 68	17,968 29
Legacies	15,548 31	849 50
	$ 103,759 10	$ 75,573 27
Cost of work 7 months to October 31, 1917		$ 120,839 39
Indebtedness from 1916-17		10,000 00
		$ 130,839 39
Less total receipts to October 31		103,759 10
Deficit		$ 27,080 29

SENIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1917.

Prepared by Eleanora Andrews Berry.

THE STAR LED QUEST.

Lead me, O wondrous star, as thou didst lead
  Wise men of old, by star-lit pathway wild,
To lowly place where, 'mong the drowsing kine,
  A virgin mother brooded o'er her child.

Lead me to poor abode, to humble cot,
  That I may, with the frankincense and gold
Of love and joy, some little one make glad;
  With myrrh of sympathy some heart enfold.

May I have wisdom to discern thy ray,
  Effulgent star, to follow light of thine,
Till, kneeling to bestow my gift, I see
  The eyes of Bethlehem's Babe look into mine!
—Felicia C. Honeycut, in Royal Service.

1. Hymn—As With Gladness Men of Old—No. 113.
2. Prayer—That we may be led to offer gifts of service, of love, of means, and through our serving may have that peace which is promised "to men of Good Will."
3. The Story of the Quest—Matt. 2:1-12.
4. The Star Led Quest—Recitation.
5. Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh Offered Last Year.
6. Hymn—Morning Star, No. 114.
7. God's Gifts—Recitation.
8. Where Will the Star Lead This Year?
9. Transaction of Business.
10. Prayer—That in our gifts to others, offered in his name, we may not forget the primary obligation to give them the message of his salvation.
11. Hymn—O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Notes:

The first two hymns are from "Psalms and Hymns."

5. Short accounts of Christmas at the missions.

8. An earnest talk on opportunities for Christian service, as plainly shown to us at this time.

9. Plans for Christmas giving to Christ's needy brothers and sisters.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By Rev. W. W. Bays.

On midnight fields,
  While darkness wields
Her sceptre all around,
  Yon shepherds keep
  Their bleating sheep,
When hark! what heavenly sound!

And, oh, what light,
  At noon of night!
God's angel now appears,
  And shepherd swains
  Feel all the pains
Of mighty midnight fears;—

But hear him say—
  To calm dismay—
"Fear not, because I bring
  Good tidings true,
  To all, to you:
For unto you a King

To-day hath birth:
  God to the earth—
God in the flesh hath come,—
  Yes, Christ the Lord,
  The God adored,
To David's ancient home."

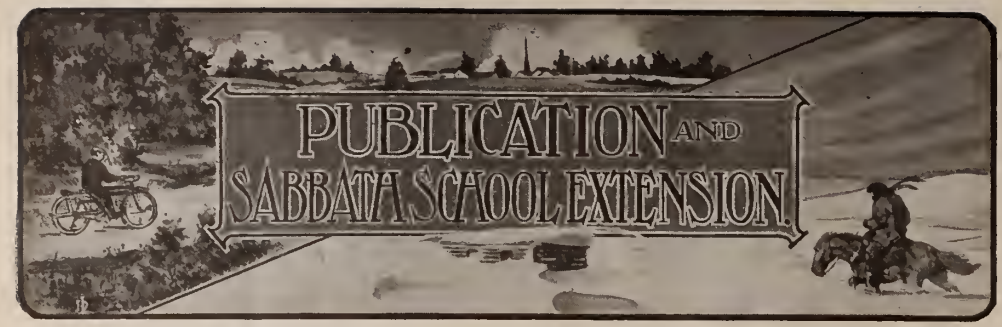
Then wider wakes
  Night's noon and breaks
Her lull from yonder sky!
  A multitude
  With praise endued,
Comes lauding God Most High.

"Glory to God,"
  They cry aloud—
"God in the highest; peace
  On earth; good will
  To men—to fill
The world—till war shall cease."

Came thus the news
  To shepherd Jews,
And through them came to all
  The human race,
  Inviting grace,
The Messianic call.

He seeks the Jew
  The Gentile, too!
Ye races, heed his call,
  Your homage bring
  To Christ the King,
"And crown him Lord of all."

This poem was written by the father of Miss Mamie Bays, so well known throughout the Southern Presbyterian Church, just a little while before the King sent for him to come to his beautiful country.—H. H. S.



Branch Department at
Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

Publishing House,
6-8 North Sixth Street, Richmond, Va.

A RALLY DAY SYMPOSIUM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the later date than usual for rally day this fall, the returns from the offerings up to the date of this writing—November 7—are nearly apace with the figures last year this time, and we have hopes of more nearly approximating the amount asked for by the General Assembly.

It is interesting to note when the offerings, per capita, were large there comes with the remittance a jubilant note telling of enthusiasm and rare enjoyment in the program. It is ever thus in God's work: Those who give most, find the deepest satisfaction in the event. And the largest total does not necessarily mean the best gift; that is determined by the sacrifice entailed. There is one account here which will stir your heart—that which tells of little feet treading through the mountain snow paths wrapped in rags, instead of shoes, to reach the rally day meeting and cast the "widow's mite" into the Lord's treasury.

Then there were other sacrifices of time and thought and labor to make the exercises interesting and well worth while, but you can read for yourself the following sample reports:

"Enlist for Christ."

A large painting of Leon Springs, showing the encampment where the boys are in training, was the background of the rostrum in First Presbyterian church, San Angelo, Tex., on "Camp Rally" day, while the church itself was decorated with the Stars and Stripes. Reflecting the national sentiment of today in this world war, the whole program was alive with the martial spirit. Recitations and songs illustrated the idea. Colonel C. H. Powell made the address, his words carrying such earnest power that every member became enthused to do greater work, to carry forth the standard and increase the enrollment. As the pastor, Major-General A. F. Cunningham, began his address on the history of Christianity from its inception in the life of Christ, through the centuries to the present day, the Banner of the Cross slowly rose, higher and higher, heavenward, emphasizing the real meaning of the privilege of the Stars and Stripes.

"Cast Thy Bread."

Rally Day in October means Sabbath school extension. Are you interested in just where your money is going and what it is doing? The following is a practical result:

The Sunday school at Anderson's Store, N. C., is about a year old. For six months free literature was distributed to them. You made this possible by your former Rally Day collections. There is an average attendance of fifty each Sunday. This is splendid, considering the difficulties to be overcome. From them this year comes an account of an interesting Rally Day service, and a collection of $6, sent in by their pastor, Rev. R. A. Lapsley, Jr.

You helped them, and they in turn help others, and so the work for Christ spreads like a network over the land.

"How Beautiful Upon the Mountains Are the Feet of Him That Bringeth Good Tidings."

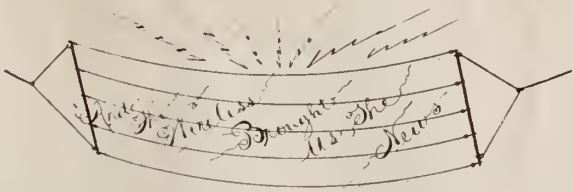
Up in the mountains of North Carolina there is a little Sunday school at Blevin's Creek. The members are scattered, the roads are difficult, and ways of earning money are rare. But read of the love and self-sacrifice and success in the following account of their Rally Day.

"We had *one hundred and two present*, which meant almost the entire neighborhood, only three or four sick people being absent. We used the flags and had the contest not only for *members*, but also for *collection*.

"The women and children made their money picking galax leaves, and several little ones came without shoes, just had rags tied around their feet to keep 'Jack Frost' off, so you can see what a sacrifice it meant for them to give so liberally. The collection amounted to *fifteen* dollars.

R. E. PIERCEY, *Field Worker.*

ACTUALLY A WIRELESS AERIAL



STRETCHED IN THE DOME OF THE CHAPEL.

HARNESSING TWENTIETH CENTURY CURRENTS TO THE GOSPEL DYNAMO.

From Progress, the monthly organ of Ginter Park Presbyterian Sunday School, at Richmond, Va.:

The atmosphere in our school was surcharged with etheric waves last Sunday, as from an aerial stretched above our heads in the chapel dome there came bulletins from the counting room at intervals during the program.

It was Rally Day with a vim with us that morning, and every minute from the click of 9:30 to 10:51 tingled with interest.

Out there in the counting room worked a fast corps of mite-box busters and adders. They broke open the boxes, sent out to them by each class, and added up their contents, by departments. That is what made the bulletins. A wireless operator in the counting room wiggled a key which buzzed them into the chapel, where they sang out their news from a curious looking, triangular shaped siren. It was a small white board, surmounted by a silver buzzer and three sassy little electric lights—red, white and blue. When the buzzer buzzed the lights flashed and the signals told by the wireless code what we leaned forward to learn—the amount our mite-boxes contained—and whether we had gone above our last year's Rally Day offering. The bulletins were caught by another operator at the blackboard and thereon recorded. We had some anxious moments, as two departments came in with a decrease, but when the total at last flashed in it showed a gain of something like $25 over last year, being $324.72. Since then belated boxes have appeared, running the total above $335. We hope it will go to $350 when all returns are in.

CONSOLIDATING THE NEW LINES.

First we hear that a salient of the enemy has been stormed and carried, then for a few days come reports that our forces are "consolidating their new line." Here is the case of a rapid consolidation and an effective blow delivered from the new point of vantage. Is there any possible argument against Sunday school extension? Not if the Kingdom is to grow. Read this from North Carolina:

"Enclosed you will find a check for $200.05, for Sunday school extension. This comes from the Sunday school of the Ernest Myatt chapel, a new school located about five miles south of Raleigh. Eight years ago there was no Sunday school in this country community, and no church, and not a single Presbyterian, and never had been one. A school house was built there, and a Sunday school organized in it, and preaching at the school house once a month. After eight years of work at this point there is now a good Sunday school, with ninety-nine enrolled, over fifty members of the Presbyterian church, preaching twice a month, and a handsome brick chapel, said to be the best country church building in the county, and this contribution to Sunday school extension!

"The school is hoping that this contribution will entitle it to the banner, for the highest per capita gift in the Southern Church. They were trying to win it, and are eager to know if they did.

"Fraternally yours,

"W. McC. WHITE."

GOLDEN ROD AND GOLDEN SERVICE.

Golden rod and autumn leaves made the Sunday school room festive looking for Rally Day at Third church, Richmond, Va. It was like some delightful entertainment with such a background. Each class faced the platform, where rosy-cheeked Beginners and white-frocked Primaries, aided by shy, sun-burned Juniors, back from all sorts of summer holidays, bade us welcome home, and told us, through carrying out the committee's program, the aim and needs of Rally Day.

Then we had a practical illustration. He was introduced to us as Mr. Williams, from the Seminary. He told us of his life in the mountains and the limited opportunities there. Of the struggles to maintain Sunday schools and interest in them even after

they were started. He said he ought to know, because he had been taught in one, and he knew of the ignorant opposition against them. He told us that a mountain family was almost a Sunday school in itself. In fact, that he himself came from a family of twenty-two, or three, it's hard to remember which.

Can't you hear the Sunday school say "Whew-w" when he told us that?

And then he said that wasn't anything uncommon.

We hope that the $75 given by Third Sunday school this year will help some of these big families to do big things for Christ. It's an increase over last year, and we hope just an earnest of what we shall accomplish on Rally Day, 1918.

LIFE AND SERVICE HYMNS.

OUR NEW SONG BOOK.

WITH a happy balance "things new and old" are blended in "Life and Service Hymns" with the result it is an ideal book for use in the church, in the Sunday school, in evangelistic services, young people's meetings, and in the home.

The real significance of the title will become increasingly apparent as the book is used, for it abounds in selections appealing for the dedication of "*Life*" to our Saviour and Lord, and the life thus dedicated must respond to the insistent calls for "*Service*" ringing like bells throughout the entire book.

A large section of the book is devoted to the classic old hymns of the church, sacred in association, effective in appeal and which should become the permanent possession of our young people through memorization.

Each succeeding generation finds new terms and methods for expressing spiritual emotions and aspirations, and the Psalmist and Prophets but voiced an age-long desire when they exclaimed, "Sing unto the Lord a *New* Song."

Modern song writers have therefore a warrant for their efforts to interpret the spiritual longings and experiences of their day; and when both words and melody appeal to head and heart and stimulate faith and good works, a real contribution has been made to Christian Hymnology.

Martin Luther's stately words and involved melodies served their purpose in Reformation days, the Rouse version of the Psalms expressed the faith of their time, the Wesley hymns voiced the deep emotions of the closing years of the eighteenth century, as Sankey and Bliss expressed the revival glow of the later years of the nineteenth century, and the present day hymn writers are interpreting the twentieth century as faithfully as the earlier composers interpreted their age.

We have drawn very liberally upon the compositions of well-known modern hymn writers and have selected titles that have proven their value by the test of use under widely varying conditions, and a number of compositions by able hymn writers appear for the first time in our book.

We count ourselves fortunate in having secured Mr. Bently D. Ackley as musical editor for this book, as his wide experience as a musical composer and publisher made his counsel invaluable in the selection of usable and melodious hymns. As a composer Mr. Ackley has made a great contribution to Christian hymnology and his songs are probably more widely used today than those of any living American hymn writer. His best compositions appear in this book and a number of the selections appear for the first time in our publication.

A feature of great value to workers in the elementary department of the Sunday school is the section devoted to choice, singable hymns for children, a need that is but poorly met in the average hymn book.

Writers in our own church have made valuable contributions to the book. Among them we mention Rev. C. T. Caldwell, Rev. John K. Roberts, Rev. S. M. Glasgow, Rev. W. J. Sechrest and Miss Elizabeth Shields. A song of peculiar interest to our church is one based on the story of the African tribe which sent pathetic pleas for years to our workers on the Congo for teachers to show them the "Jesus way," only to be met with the reply, "We have no one who can go; you must wait." In pathetic despair the last messenger exclaimed, "O, how long must we wait?" A poem based on this incident was written by Rev. S. M. Glasgow, and the melody was written by Rev. C. T. Caldwell, and the selection appears for the first time in this book. It will be of the highest value in promoting missionary enterprises. The book contains 370 hymns and is published in full cloth binding at 30 cents single copies or $25 per hundred, and in limp binding at 20 cents per copy or $17.50 per hundred. It should be used in every church and Sunday school in our assembly.

The work is offered with the earnest prayer that it may be used of God in leading a multitude of souls into the Christian life and that it may promote Fruitful Christian Service.

TEEN-AGE ORGANIZED CLASS.

At Work and Play Through the Week.

By Anna Branch Binford.

THE best students of youth are now convinced that the two-session a week organized Sunday school class is the simplest, and at the same time the most efficient piece of machinery for offering to our young people a chance to develop their four-fold life—to grow as Jesus grew—

In wisdom (that's mentally).
In stature (that's physically).
In favor with God (that's religiously).
In favor with man (that's socially).

For the Sabbath teaching session—the time of impression for the class—editors and teachers are presenting a wealth of practical, sound, interesting, inspiring lesson material. Our own Church offers two most. excellent complete courses.* These courses have a single definite aim, namely, to help the youth of our Church to make a life translation of the Bible. In their work and play through the week this life translation must necessarily appear.

What Normal Activities Are Possible?

To be normal, expressional activities—physical, mental, social and religious—must necessarily follow the line of recent definite impression, but the following activities which have been used again and again with good success, may prove suggestive for those who have never realized the immense possibilities for good that lie in such through-the-week activities. For the purpose of clearness these activities have been separated into four distinct groups. The most casual observer, however, will see that all these activities are as closely interwoven as is the four fold life which they aim to develop. Every Sunday school teacher who plans to make a boy's body strong and whole has a chance to make this body contribute to a stronger mind and the clearer soul view. The Sunday school teacher, who helps the girls of her class to a realization that day school work well done is a Christian student's prime duty, has made that girl's religious life and moral calibre a stronger thing.

Some Physical Activities.

1. A walking club with boxed lunch, each member to bring three eggs cooked, three slices of bacon uncooked, sugar, salt, pepper, bread and fruit for one. Frankfurters may be substituted for bacon, as either of these are easily cooked on long sticks over the camp fire, around which the group will gather for their supper. N. B.—At the close of the supper make a vesper prayer of thanksgiving for God's good times out-of-doors.

2. A wild flower hunt (for girls) with honors for the best collection, and a picnic supper later.

3. A swimming party. This should be planned for a small group with a capable instructor.

4. Boating party. This gives a chance to teach boys and girls that only a fool rocks a boat.

5. Breathing exercises—a fresh-air talk—care of the body.

6. Volley ball—group games.

It will be noted that none of the above activities need elaborate equipment.

Some Mental Activities.

1. Bible study at the regular morning hour. Occasional extension Bible class to meet special needs. Suggested courses—"Some Men and Women of the Bible," price 15c. "A Life at Its Best," price 60c. "Jesus the Man of Galilee," price 40c.

2. Day school and college work better done.

3. Short live course in mission study.

4. Debates on practical questions, for instance: "Resolved, That prohibition has done more harm than good in the South."

5. Practical talks and trips to factories, etc.

6. Civic betterment talks, and visits to the City Council meeting.

7. First aid to the injured class.

Some Social Activities.

1. A stunt afternoon out-of-doors.

2. Indoor games—potato race, shoe and sweater race, Up Jenkins, flag game, game of famous men, twenty questions.

3. Best girl party.

4. Mother and father party, given by the younger people themselves. Did you ever realize that they would rather entertain than to be entertained?

5. Evening of illustrated songs.

6. Charades.

7. Some short dramatic sketch—a missionary pageant, or "Who's Who and What's What?" (a short sketch showing the work of the Committee on Sunday School Extension).

Some Religious Activities.

1. Sunday school class and home work well done. Intelligent use of the literature.

2. Daily Quiet Time with Bible reading and prayer.

3. A Catechism picnic and camp fire.

4. Sunday afternoon "Sing," followed by a good story, read or told.

5. Study of stewardship.

a. As the Bible teaches it.

b. As our Church administers it.

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*"Manual of Graded Course of Instruction," "A Forward Step in Lesson Making," sent free on application, by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Box 1176, Richmond.

Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

AFRICA-CONGO MISSION
AFRICA. [46]

Bulape, 1897.
Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Washburn
Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Cleveland
Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Wharton

Luebo, 1891.
Rev. W. M. Morrison
Rev. and Mrs. Motte Martin
Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge
Rev. and *Mrs. A. L. Edminston (c)
*Miss Maria Fearing (c)
Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Crane
Mr. T. J. Arnold, Jr.
Miss Elda M. Fair
Mr. W. L. Hillhouse
Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Vinson
*Rev. S. H. Wilds
Dr. and Mrs. T. Th. Stixrud
Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon
†Mr. and Mrs. T. Daumery
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Allen
Mr. B. M. Schlotter
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. McElroy
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stegall
Miss Mary E. Kirkland
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Longenecker
Mrs. S. N. Edhegard
†Rev. S. N. Edhegard

Mutoto, 1912.
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. T. McKee
*Rev. A. A. Rochester (c)
Rev. and Mrs. Plumer Smith
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. King

Lusambo, 1913.
*Rev. and Mrs. J. McC. Sieg
Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Bedinger
Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellersberger

E. BRAZIL MISSION [15]

Lavras, 1893.
Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Gammon
Miss Charlotte Kemper
*Rev. H. S. Allyn, M. D.
*Mrs. H. S. Allyn
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Knight
Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunnicutt
*Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Baker
†Rev. A. S. Maxwell
Miss Genevieve Marchant

Piumhy, 1896.
Mrs. Kate B. Cowan

Bom Successo.
Miss Ruth See
Mrs. D. G. Armstrong

Sao Sebastiao do Paraiso, 1917.
Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin

W. BRAZIL MISSION [10]

Ytu, 1909.
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. P. Smith

Braganca, 1907.
Rev. and Mrs. Gaston Boyle

Campinas, 1869.
Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Smith

Itapetininga, 1912.

Descalvado, 1908.
Rev. and Mrs. Alva Hardie

N. BRAZIL MISSION [13]

Garanhuns, 1895.
Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Henderlite
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson
Miss Eliza M. Reed

Pernambuco, 1873.
Miss Margaret Douglas
*Miss Edmonia R. Martin
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Porter
Miss Leora James
Miss R. Caroline Kilgore

Canhotinho.
Dr. G. W. Butler
Mrs. G. W. Butler

MID CHINA MISSION. [72]

Tunghiang, 1904.
Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. McGinnis
Miss R. Elinore Lynch
Miss Kittie McMullen

Hangchow, 1867.
Mrs. J. L. Stuart, Sr.
Miss E. B. French
Miss Emma Boardman
Rev. and Mrs. Warren H. Stuart
Miss Annie R. V. Wilson
Rev. and Mrs. R. J. McMullen
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson
Miss Rebecca E. Wilson
Rev. G. W. Painter, Pulaski, Va.
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Blain
Miss Nettie McMullen
Miss Sophie P. Graham
Miss Frances Stribling

Shanghai.
Rev. and Mrs. S. I. Woodbridge
Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Caldwell

Kashing, 1895.
Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson
*Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable
Miss Elizabeth Talbot
*Rev. and Mrs. Lowry Davis
*Miss Irene Hawkins
Miss Elizabeth Corriher
Miss Florence Nickles
*Miss Mildred Watkins
†Miss Sade A. Nisbet
*Mr. S. C. Farrior
Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Crawford
Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Hopkins

Kiangyin, 1895.
Rev. and Mrs. L. I. Moffett
Rev. Lacy L. Little
Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Worth
*Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allison
Miss Rida Jourolman
Mrs. Anna McG. Sykes
Miss Ida M. Aibaugh
Miss Carrie L. Moffett
Miss Venie J. Lee, M. D.
Miss Anna M. Sykes

Nanking.
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Stuart
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutcheson
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Shields (Tsinanfu)
Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Price

Soochow, 1872.
*Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson
Miss Addie M. Sloan
Miss Gertrude Sloan
Mrs. M. P. McCormick
Rev. and Mrs. P. C. DuBose
*Mrs. R. A. Haden
Miss Irene McCain
Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Young
Mrs. Nancy Smith Farmer
Rev. Henry L. Reaves
Miss Lois Young
*Rev. and Mrs. H. Maxcy Smith

N. KIANGSU MISSION. [75]

Chinkiang, 1883.
Rev. and Mrs. A. K. Sydenstricker
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Paxton
Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Richardson
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw

Taichow, 1908.
Rev. T. L. Harnsberger
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. Price
Rev. Chas. Ghiselin, Jr.

Hsuchoufu, 1897.
Mrs. Mark B. Grier, M. D.
Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McFadyen
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. P. Stevens
*Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. O. V. Armstrong
Rev. Lewis H. Lancaster
Miss Eliza A. Neville

Hwaianfu, 1904.
Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Woods
Miss Josephine Woods
Rev. and Mrs. O. F. Yates
Miss Lillian C. Wells
Miss Lily Woods

Yencheng, 1909.
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. White
*Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Hancock
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hewett
Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Smith

Sutsien, 1893.
*Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Bradley
Rev. B. C. Patterson
Mrs. B. C. Patterson, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. McLauchlin
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Junkin
Mr. H. W. McCutchan
Miss Mada McCutchan
Miss M. M. Johnston
Miss B. McRobert
Miss Carrie Knox Williams

Tsing-kiang-pu, 1897.
Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Graham, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. James B. Woods
Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Talbot
Miss Jessie D. Hall
Miss Sallie M. Lacy
*Miss Nellie Sprunt
Miss Agnes Woods
Dr. and Mrs. L. Nelson Bell
Rev. and Mrs. H. Kerr Taylor

Tonghai, 1908.
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Vinson
L. S. Morgan, M. D.
Mrs. L. S. Morgan, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. Thos. B. Grafton
Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Rice

CUBA MISSION. [7]

Cardenas, 1899.
Miss M. E. Craig
Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Wharton
Miss Margaret M. Davis

Caibarien, 1891.
Miss Mary I. Alexander
†Miss Janie Evans Patterson
†Rev. H. B. Someillan

Placetas, 1909.
None.

Camajuani, 1910.
*Miss Edith McC. Houston
†Rev. and Mrs. Ezequiel D. Torres
Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Hall

Sagua, 1914.
†Rev. and Mrs. Juan Orts y Gonzales
Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Shelby

JAPAN MISSION. [40]

Kobe, 1890.
Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Fulton
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Myers
Rev. and Mrs. W. McS. Buchanan

Kochi, 1885.
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. McIlwaine
Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Munroe
*Miss Estelle Lumpkin
Miss Annie H. Dowd

Nagoya, 1867.
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan
*Miss Leila G. Kirtland
Rev. and Mrs. R. E. McAlpine
Miss Elizabeth O. Buchanan
Rev. and Mrs. L. C. McC. Smythe

Susaki, 1898.
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Moore
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Brady

Takamatsu, 1898.
Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Erickson
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Hassell
Miss M. J. Atkinson

Tokushima, 1889.
Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Logan
*Miss Lillian W. Curd
Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Ostrom

Toyohashi, 1902.
*Rev. and Mrs. C. K. Cummings

Okazaki, 1912.
Miss Florence Patton
Miss Anna V. Patton
Rev. and Mrs. C. Darby Fulton

KOREAN MISSION. [76]

Chunju, 1896.
Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tate
Miss Mattie S. Tate
*Rev. and Mrs. L. O. McCutchen
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark
Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds
Miss Susanna A. Colton
Rev. S. D. Winn
Miss Emily Winn
*Miss E. E. Kestler
*Miss Lillian Austin
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Eversole
Dr. and Mrs. M. O. Robertson
Miss Sadie Buckland

Kunsan, 1896.
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. F. Bull
Miss Julia Dysart
*Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Venable
*Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Patterson
Rev. John McEachern
Mr. Wm. A. Linton
Miss Elise J. Shepping
Miss Lavalette Dupuy
Rev. and *Mrs. W. B. Harrison

Kwangju, 1898.
*Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Bell
Rev. S. K. Dodson
Miss Mary Dodson
Mrs. C. C. Owen
*Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Hill
Miss Ella Graham
Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Wilson
*Miss Anna McQueen
*Rev. and Mrs. J. V. N. Talmage
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Knox
Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart
Miss Esther B. Matthews
*Mrs. T. E. Wilson

Mokpo, 1898.
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie
*Miss Julia Martin
Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Nisbet
Miss Ada McMurphy
Miss Lillie O. Lathrop
Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Leadingham
Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Newland
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Parker
Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Crane

Soonchun, 1913
Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Preston
Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Coit
Miss Meta L. Biggar
Miss Anna L. Greer
*Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Timmons
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crane

MEXICO MISSION. [11]

Linares, 1887.
Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Ross

Matamoros, 1874.
Miss Alice J. McClelland
San Angel, D. F. Mexico

San Benito, Texas.
Miss Anne E. Dysart

Brownsville, Texas.
*Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Ross

Montemorelos, 1884.
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Morrow

C. Victoria, 1880.
Miss E. V. Lee

RETIRED LIST.

Cuba
Miss Janet H. Houston

Japan
Miss C. E. Stirling

Korea
Dr. W. H. Forsythe
Miss Jean Forsythe
Missions, 10.
Occupied Stations, 53
Missionaries, 367
Associate Workers, 11

*On furlough, or in United States. Dates opposite names of stations indicate year stations were opened.
†Associate workers.
For postoffice address, etc., see page below.

Stations, Postoffice Addresses.

AFRICA—For Bulape, Luebo, Mutoto.—Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission, par Kinshasa. For Lusambo—"Lusambo, Sankuru District, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission," par Kinshasa.

E. BRAZIL—For Lavras—"Lavras, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." Bom Successo, Estado do Minas Geraes, Brazil. For Piumhy—"Piumhy, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." For Sao Sebastiao do Paraiso—"Sao Sebastiao de Paraiso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

W. BRAZIL—For Campinas—"Campinas, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." Itapetininga, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil. For Descalvado—"Descalvado Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Braganca—"Braganca, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Paulo—"Estado de Sao Paulo Brazil." For Itu—"Itu, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil."

N. BRAZIL.—For Canhotinho—"Canhotinho, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Garanhuns—"Geranhuns, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Natal Rio Grande de Norte, Brazil." For Pernambuco—"Recife, E. de Perambuco, Brazil."

CHINA—Mid-China Mission—For Tunghiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tunghiang, via Shanghai, China." For Hangchow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hangchow, China." For Shanghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Shanghai, China." For Kashing—"Care Southern Prescbyterian Mission, Kasning via Shanghai, China." For Kiangyin—"Kiangyin via Shanghai, China." For Nanking—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Nanking, China." For Soochow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Soochow, China." North Kiangsu Mission—For Chinkiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Chinkiang, China." For Taichow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Taichow, via Chinkiang, China." For Hsuchou-fu-—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hsuchou-fu, Ku, China. For Hwaianfu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hwaianfu—via Chinkiang, China. For Sutsien—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Sutsien, via Chinkiang, China." For Tsing-Kiang-Pu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tsing-Kiang-Pu, via Chinkiang, China." For Tonghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tonghai, via Chinkiang, China." For Yencheng—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Yencheng, Kiangsu, China."

CUBA—For Cardenas—"Cardenas, Cuba." For Caibarien—"Carbarien, Cuba." For Camajuani—"Camajuani, Cuba." For Placetas—"Placetas, Cuba." For Sagua—"la Grande, Cuba."

JAPAN—For Kobe—"Kobe, Setsu Province, Japan." For Kochi—"Kochi, Tosa Province, Japan." For Nagoya—"Nagoya, Owari Province, Japan." For Susaki—"Susaki, Tosa Province, Japan." For Takamatsu—"Takamatsu, Sanuki Province, Japan." For Tokushima—"Tokushima, Awa Province, Japan." For Toyohashi—"Toyohashi, Mikawa Province, Japan." Okazaki—"Okazaki, Mikawa Province, Japan."

KOREA—For Chunju—"Chunju, Korea, Asia." For Kunsan—"Knsan, Korea, Asia." For Kwangju—"Kwangju, Korea, Asia." For Mokpo—"Mokpo, Korea, Asia." For Seoul—"Seoul, Korea, Asia." For Soonchun—"Soonchun, Korea, Asia."

MEXICO MISSION—For Linares—"Linares, Neuvo, Leon, Mexico." For Matamoros—"Matamoros, Tamaulipas, Mexico." For Montemorelos—"Montemorelos, Nuevo Leon Mexico." For C. Victoria—"C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico."

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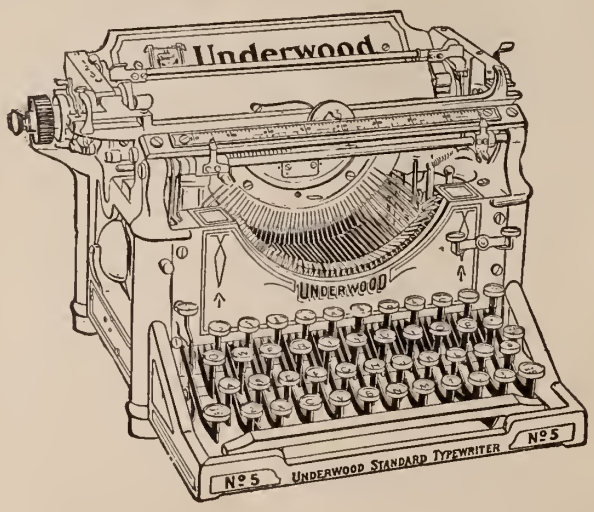

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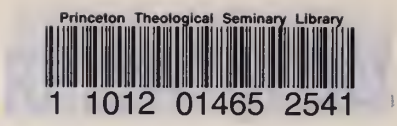

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